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The Week.

The Commission headed by Judge Taft, it is announced, has organized a civil government for the Philippines, to go into operation on the 1st of September, The Commission will be the Legislature of the islands, and it must also be the executive and the judiciary. It may appoint judges, but they will necessarily be subordinate to the Commission and will be removable at its pleasure. The laws which it ordains will be enforced by our troops and it will be hard for the Filipinos to discover how their condition has been altered. They can hardly be persuaded that they are governing themselves, and if they are not, they are probably indifferent to the titles which their rulers bear. The only sign of progress that is discoverable is the report that Judge Taft is examining the heads of the religious orders concerning their estates, and finds that the extent of their claims is smaller than was supposed. If this be true, some settlement of a very difficult question may be feasible.

Gen. MacArthur reports the capture of a small body of American troops by the Filipinos at a place not far from Manila, a loss insignificant in itself, but showing how precarious our position is. At the War Department the occurrence is regarded as a proof that the insurrection is still in a fairly organized condition, and that Gen. MacArthur's objections to the withdrawal of troops from the Philippines were well founded. Indeed, the War Department is said to believe that the effect of withdrawing two or three regiments for service in China has been to encourage the enemy to renew active operations. The conduct of the officer commanding the band of Filipinos which inflicted this reverse on our arms appears to have been highly honorable. He returned to us the wounded American soldiers, and assured us that the prisoners should be well treated. Such behavior is hardly to be reconciled with the hypothesis that the only Filipinos opposed to our rule are robbers and cutthroats.

Secretary Hay's straightforward reply to Li Hung Chang's suggestion that, if the allies would not march on Pekin, the foreign Ministers there might be sent, under safe escort, to Tientsin, ought to have brought the Chinese Government to its senses, if any diplomatic communication could. Secretary Hay declared, in clear and unmistakable language, that "this Government will not enter into any arrangement regarding the disposition or treatment of the legations without first having free communication with Minister Conger"; that "the responsibility for their protection rests upon the Chinese Government"; and that if that Government can deliver the Ministers at Tientsin, it can open the direct communication with them which is insisted upon. Nothing could be in less need of construction or interpretation than this. It hardly needs to be pointed out, of course, that such a declaration of policy practically amounts to an ultimatum on the part of this Government. Until the demand of the United States is granted, diplomacy has in this direction no further field.

It is regrettable that, just as the allied forces are beginning their advance upon Pekin, news should be received of an alarming prevalence of sickness among the American troops. The Ninth Infantry, perhaps the best regiment we had in the Philippines, and presumably a first-rate example of the "well-seasoned troops" which the United States was to employ in China, reports a sick list of 257. If we add the 140, or thereabouts, which this regiment lately lost in battle, we have a total of about 400 men to be deducted from the regiment's effective strength. The sick list, of course, bears an extremely large proportion to the whole, and can but prove disquieting to the public mind. With the dreadful experiences of the Spanish war to guide us, and with the army in much readier condition for the field than in 1898, there has seemed good reason to hope that the story of disease, whether epidemic or climatic, would not be repeated, but that the health of the troops would be abundantly safeguarded. The excessive amount of sickness does not, however, appear to disturb the officials of the War Department, who point out that Tientsin is an old and filthy city, without drainage or sanitation, and with a water-supply reeking with pollution and contagion. Under the circumstances, and considering the change of climate, a sick list of 50 per cent. would not, they say, be surprising. It is to be hoped that present conditions may speedily improve, and that the preparation of field hospitals and hospital-ships and other medical and surgical supplies may prove adequate to the emergency.

In Mantchuria the Russians have open hostilities to deal with; and while their forces appear to be sufficient to hold the Chinese in check, a considerable body of troops is likely to be required in that quarter for some time yet. This means not only less effective coöperation with the other Powers in the concerted movement towards Pekin, but also a serious check to the progress of the railroad. Great Britain is reported to be assembling a strong fleet in the neighborhood of Shanghai, not only for the protection of its own interests there, but also as a safeguard against a possible hostile move by other Powers. From the interior come reports of massacres of native Christians, but most of these lack confirmation. Whatever its causes, however, there is every evidence that the ferment in the empire is widespread. Just at present, fortunately, the divided councils in the Chinese Government itself, together with the apparent friendliness of some of the viceroys for the foreigners, while complicating the situation, make, on the whole, for safety, by preventing the united action which foreign interests have most to fear.

The extent to which the coöperation of Japan can be counted on, by Europe and America, in the ultimate adjustment of the status of China, is a question likely to become of increasing interest. The fact that Japan, at the close of its late war with China, was deprived by the jealousy of the Powers of some of the fruits of victory to which it felt itself entitled, has encouraged the feeling that it would be only too glad, when the convenient season came, to subject its old enemy to further humiliation. The willingness of Japan to send troops to the disturbed region, and to lead, if desired, in the work of pacification, has received no end of applause and sounding commendation, while the remarkable preparedness of the Japanese forces has been in striking contrast to the imperfect equipment of the European contingents. Beyond the restoration of order, however, it is by no means clear that Japan can be counted on to join, as a matter of course, any "concert" which the other Powers may choose to arrange, especially if partition is a part of the programme. So far as can now be seen, the interest of Japan, with regard to both its internal peace and its foreign relations, is in preserving the Chinese territory and the Chinese Government intact. It has no reason to wish half-a-dozen foreign nations established at its doors, nor anything to gain from the international friction which would inevitably result. Moreover, notwithstanding the strides which Japan has taken in civilization, we must not forget that the Japanese have, at bottom, more points in common with the Chinese than with Europeans, and that their present activity does not necessarily exclude great sympathy for their antagonists. Doubtless, this sympathy will not tie their hands in the present emergency, but it is

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a weighty factor to reckon with in thinking about the future.

Silence sometimes has a significance more impressive than speech. Such is the case when the man who was McKinley's chief rival for the Republican nomination in 1896, and who was elected Speaker of the Republican House in 1897, says that he is "too busy a man" to make any speeches for the party this year. The election in Mr. Reed's own State comes next month, and it will be the first time in thirty years that he has not been on the stump. The silence of Thomas B. Reed will contrast sharply with the volubility of John Barrett and the other substitutes who will be put in the field. The most significant feature of the incident, however, is not the loss of an orator whose support would be of immense service to McKinley. It is the fact that this great figure stands for a class of Republican voters of no small dimensions. A very noteworthy feature of the canvass is the large number of Republicans who manifest no enthusiasm for their party, and who are not inclined to exert themselves for its success.

The letter from Mr. Charles Francis Adams, published in Saturday's *Evening Post*, should be read and digested by the large body of citizens who are in doubt concerning their duty at the coming election. They will not be likely to meet with any clearer or more carefully reasoned statement of the conditions o. the probabilities, and even those who do not find it conclusive will admit its cogency. Probably most independent voters agree with Mr. Adams that an opposition majority in the House of Representatives is desirable. If it cannot improve our situation, it can prevent its getting worse. Not so many have his confidence that Mr. McKinley will be more conservative in his second term, or that the Jingo Republicans of the Roosevelt type will be discredited by the loss of the House of Representatives. As to Mr. Bryan's Anti-Imperialism, Mr. Adams forcibly presents the conviction which deters a great many Independents from voting for him. They do not believe, judging from his course about the treaty with Spain, that he is opposed to extending our sovereignty over other peoples; and they still less believe that there is any such opposition among the Democratic leaders. As Mr. Adams says, no one thinks that the people of the Philippines can be elevated to Tammany ideals of self-government within one, or a dozen, Presidential terms. Concerning the wisdom of organizing a third party, we doubt if those who favor the movement will be deterred by Mr. Adams's argument. They are, for the most part, voters who have made up their minds that the condition of the country will not be much worse or much better, whether Bryan or McKinley is President, and who are tired of having their political activity limited to choosing between evils. They see no hope of anything better in the future unless there is a revolt, and whether their numbers are sufficient or not to make their protest impressive, they will at least have freed their consciences. But, of course, this can be accomplished by simple abstention.

Mr. J. Sterling Morton's paper, the *Conservative*, republishes the speech made by Senator Money of Mississippi against the treaty with Spain while Mr. Bryan was himself urging its ratification. It would seem as though Senator Money was addressing himself particularly to Mr. Bryan when he said:

"We are told that we want peace; that we want to get the volunteers home. We all do. Everybody wants peace. I want the volunteers brought home. . . . Does any man say we are going to have peace by ratifying this treaty? Yes; we will have peace with Spain, but we will begin war with the Filipinos. . . . If we ratify the treaty with no declaration in it that we disclaim any right to enslave these people, or to hold them in subjection, or use language which does not mean giving them their liberty, we have already embarked in a war that will not release the volunteers, but which will call for fresh volunteers, and thousands of the best American youth will lay their bones upon the plains and in the jungle of Luzon and in other parts of the Philippines."

Referring to the Bacon resolution which Mr. Bryan wished to have adopted simultaneously with the ratification of the treaty, Senator Money said that there were several such resolutions before the Senate, but that they amounted to nothing because they were mere declarations of opinion. Congress might pass them to-day and repeal them to-morrow. They did not fix the status of the Filipinos. They did not disband the army. They did not put a stop to bloodshed. The only place to accomplish these things was in the treaty itself. He (Mr. Money) could not vote for a treaty without stipulations insuring peace engrafted in the instrument itself. With such stipulations he believed that it would receive every vote on his side of the chamber.

Perhaps the most noteworthy of all the Government returns for July are those which deal with the new issues of banknote circulation. During the month, $12,331,000 in this currency was issued to the banks, and, allowing for circulation retired by other institutions, the net increase was $10,455,000. The volume of increase has been surpassed in some previous months of the current year—in May, when the new issues aggregated $15,210,000, in April, with $14,325,000, and in March, with $21,518,000; but these earlier additions to the currency were the first-fruits of the new law of March 14, and the expansion was not expected to continue at any similar ratio. As the July figures show, however, there is little or no check to the movement. In the five months since the enactment of the law, the country's total bank circulation has increased $70,500,000. The magnitude of this addition to the circulating medium may be judged from the fact that it far exceeds the national banknote issues of any full year in the country's history, excepting only 1865 and 1866. It exceeds, in fact, the annual increase in all kinds of currency combined, in twenty-eight out of the thirty-five years since the civil war. In the second year named, the new bank circulation reached a total of $135,000,000. This is a striking figure; yet it will be observed that if the new issues of the current year continue at the rate reported for last month, the increase in circulation for the first twelve months of the law of March 14 will far exceed even 1866. Few expert observers ventured, last spring, to predict so huge a gain as this; yet it must be remembered that the relatively dull months of interior trade are now behind us, and that the harvest demand for currency, when bank issues would normally expand, sets in this month.

Thousands of our European immigrants come in by way of Canada, among them many who could never pass our strict inspection. So many have chosen this indirect route that the steerage business of lines touching at American ports is seriously affected. The united complaints of these steamship companies have brought the matter before the Treasury Department, which is now considering the serious problem of guarding a border of three thousand miles. There has long been an agreement with the Canadian Government that its inspection of immigrants bound for the United States should be strict and thorough. There has been, however, no means of enforcing such inspection, while nothing was easier for an immigrant having some defect in the eyes of the law than to announce himself as a candidate for Canadian citizenship. This usually sufficed to let him through, for it is still the policy of Canada to encourage immigration. Assistant Secretary Taylor of the Treasury Department and Commissioner-General Powderly of the Immigration Bureau have gone to Montreal to confer with Canadian officials about the whole matter. It is suggested by Commissioner Powderly that inspection points be established where the great railroad lines cross the border. The suggestion is a practicable one; and already, with almost suspicious alacrity, the Canadian railroad and steamship companies offer satisfactory assurance for the free return of rejected immigrants. The lines that get such inspection points will, of course, gain largely. Already there is a very pretty quarrel on between Canadian railroad and American steamship interests. It would be unfor-

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tunate if the fear of showing favoritism should confuse the whole issue, and leave us by default the old agreement.

Justice Davy of the New York Supreme Court has rendered a decision to the effect that an action for damages will lie when the "right of privacy" is violated. In this case a young woman's portrait was used as an advertisement without her consent, and a demurrer to her complaint has been overruled. The Court says that the plaintiff was not "within the category of what might be denominated a public character," and that there is no intrinsic improbability in the claim that she suffered mental distress because she was forced into this category. To desire a life of privacy, the Court continues, is entirely legitimate, and to print and post in public places as an advertisement the likeness of a person who wishes to avoid notoriety, may unquestionably injure the reputation as well as the feelings. Furthermore, if a lithographic likeness, owing to its beauty, is of great value as a trademark or an advertising medium, this value belongs to the person whose features are represented, and not to any person who chooses to make use of the likeness.

Some of the reasoning by which Justice Davy supports his decision is not altogether satisfactory. Privacy, he says, is regarded as a product of civilization, and was unknown and unsought among the barbarous tribes. The privacy of the home in every civilized country is regarded as sacred, and any invasion of it tends to destroy domestic and individual happiness. But many barbarous tribes are extremely particular on this point, and the customs of the Mohammedans are too well known to be referred to. On the other hand, it is only necessary to take up a copy of one of our sensational journals in order to see how far we regard the privacy of the home as sacred. It might more properly be said that civilization consists in giving the protection of the law to those customs and those feelings concerning privacy which the maintenance of the institution of the family in its perfection requires. Some years ago the Court of Appeals took the unfortunate position that a surviving relative could not suffer, in the eye of the law, because of the exhibition of a memorial of a deceased person which that person might have objected to if living. In that case all the surviving relatives of a woman of high position protested against the erection of a statue of her by an "art association" of dubious character; but the majority of the Court of Appeals held that the feelings of these relatives were injured only in their fancy. The judges of the lower courts, men not regarded in the profession as inferior in their abilities to those who reviewed their decision, gave substantial reasons for thinking such injuries not fanciful. But even the Court of Appeals admitted that living people had rights of privacy, and it is probable that Justice Davy's decision will be sustained.

The House of Lords has finally determined an interesting question under the law of copyright. During the year 1896 Lord Rosebery made a number of public speeches at meetings which reporters were invited to attend. The *Times* sent its representatives, who prepared reports of the speeches, which were then published. Other reporters were present, and also reported the speeches for publication. In 1899 a publisher, Lane, issued a book entitled 'Appreciations and Addresses by Lord Rosebery,' which was made up of verbatim copies of the *Times's* reports, the copying being without its consent. Lord Rosebery made no claim to copyright in his speeches. The *Times* then brought its action against Lane, alleging that he had infringed its copyright, it having duly registered its reports according to the requirements of the Copyright Law. There was no dispute concerning the facts, the sole issue being whether reporters of the public speeches of other people were authors or not, within the meaning of the statute. It was also admitted that the reports were practically exact reproductions of Lord Rosebery's words. They left out nothing, they added nothing, and there was no paraphrasing or epitomizing or composing. The speeches might, in fact, have been reproduced by a phonograph, so far as any personal contribution by the reporters was concerned. An injunction was granted in the Chancery Division, but the decision was reversed in the Court of Appeal. Now the House of Lords, four judges against one, has definitively established the reporters' right, or that of their employers. Lord Rosebery, it was contended by counsel, was the author of his speech; but the reporter was the author of the report of his speech. One of the most effective arguments employed for the *Times* was that if a man had a perfect memory, and wrote out by heart with complete accuracy a speech which he had heard, he would have no protection, whereas, if he only gave the substance of it in his own words, he would be entitled to copyright. The case was extremely well argued, Mr. Augustine Birrell doing his best for the publisher, Lane; and the full report of the decision will be awaited with interest.

The exodus of the Jews from Rumania is explained by a correspondent of the London *Times* in a letter which reflects severely on the Government of that country. The independence of Rumania was established in 1878 by the treaty of Berlin. Article 44 of that treaty declares that "In Rumania the difference of religious creeds and confessions shall not be alleged against any person as a ground for exclusion or incapacity in matters relating to the enjoyment of civil and political rights, admission to public employments, functions, and honors, or the exercise of the various professions and industries in any locality whatsoever." In spite of this explicit provision and of the remonstrances of England, France, and Germany, the Rumanian Government has practically denied citizenship to the Jews. In 1879 about 800 Jewish soldiers were naturalized, but during the last twenty years less than 100 Rumanian Jews, members of a few wealthy families, have been enfranchised. Of the 260,000 Jews in the kingdom, most of them descended from those who have been settled there for generations, only 900 are now citizens. Even in their case the right is purely personal, and does not descend to their children. The Jews, being thus aliens in the eye of the law, are denied free education. There are 30,000 children of their race who are entitled to it, but only by paying fees are 3,000 of them able to obtain educational advantages which are free to Rumanians. The higher schools are closed to them, and they are hampered in establishing schools of their own. No Jew is permitted to hold a Government office, or a position in a hospital or on a railway. No Jew may be an architect, a veterinary surgeon, a dispensing chemist, or a lawyer. No Jew can be employed in the National Bank, or serve in the Chamber of Commerce, or hold a commission in the army. A Jew cannot sell tobacco or salt, and by a special act against peddlers 20,000 of these have been brought to the verge of starvation. They have been expelled from the country, and every obstacle has been placed in the way of their obtaining a living in the towns.

The Jews have until recently endured their persecutions with patience, and, while not enjoying the rights of citizenship, they have discharged its duties. They have performed military service, and fought in the campaign of Plevna. But the recent harvest failures have made their condition intolerable, and they are now trying to escape to the United States, to Canada, to Cyprus, even to Turkey, knowing that they can be no worse off, wherever they may go. This shocking spectacle has disgusted Europe and alarmed the Rumanian Government, which is trying to cover up its cruelties. It is said that the Rothschilds have let it be understood that that Government will find it hard to borrow money hereafter—a report which we hope is true. If the Jewish bankers will teach Christian rulers a few lessons in elementary humanity by cutting off their financial supplies, it will be an application of the "money power" which even the Bryanites might condone.

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THE ALERT-PRESS FALLACY.

Memories are so short nowadays, and it has become so especially easy to forget the things we do not like to remember, that Imperialist newspapers may be surprised to be reminded at this late date of one of their glib assumptions of a year ago. This was that we had one sure bulwark against misgovernment or oppression in our new possessions. Grant that Congress might be apathetic, that the Administration might be indifferent, that our civil and military officials in our added islands might be supine, there was always the independent and enterprising press to fall back upon. Could there be injustice in the Philippines which the American journalist would leave for one day unwhipped? Could a Porto Rican be wronged in person or property without having the instant sympathy and championing of vigilant and fearless newspapers in this country? Put one side all sense of public duty; as a mere matter of news, as the basis of a sensational attack upon the Administration, every crookedness was certain to be exploited. Oh no, there would be no oppressive Imperialism anywhere in our new empire with the sleepless American press ready to hound it down.

That was the theory. We freed our mind about it when it was first produced. To us, it seemed only one of those "lounging opinions" which Lord Shelburne reproached the Duke of Grafton for holding. It was easy-chair and summer-afternoon philosophy. No man who bent his mind seriously to the problem would adopt it. One had but to think of the muzzling of the native Hindu press, and the general silence of English journalism as to all that concerns native aspirations or native wrongs in India, to see what was the far more likely Imperialistic course that our own press would pursue. Add its notorious fickleness, in response to a public as eager as the Athenian to tell or hear some new thing; its well-known inability to be indignant on any subject more than a week; its constantly changing personnel and management—and the alert press which was going to defend and rescue every imperilled new subject of ours was pretty certain to turn out a figment of the Imperialistic imagination. So we felt and said at the time.

We have now gone on with the thing long enough to take our bearings and ask how practice squares with theory. What do we see to be the facts? The special correspondents in the Philippines, Porto Rico, and Cuba have, almost without exception, been recalled. The press associations send but the most meagre dispatches, and those are censored. A few weeks since the editor of a prominent Havana newspaper was in this city, and declared that the New York press no longer took any interest whatever in Cuba. It was true, and he might have said the same of the press of the country at large, so far as the matter of Cuban news goes. The truth is, that this whole business of our new possessions is, from the newspaper point of view, an exploded sensation. There is nothing more in it. The biggest and reddest "scare-head" about the Philippines would not sell a copy. Our editors, like our reading public, wearily drop the entire subject. They take their cue from the sentiment which Lamartine once uttered from the tribune, "I warn the Chamber that France is being bored to death." If a bulwark of liberty, a champion of the oppressed, bores the public, why, it is his plain duty to give up those rôles at once. So reasons the press, wiser in its generation than the children of theoretic Imperialism.

To be more specific, of what smallest aid is the press in righting wrongs in the Philippines? The native newspapers cannot speak above a whisper; if they do they are suppressed, and a file of soldiers escorts their editors to jail. Of American newspapers in Manila, the less said the better. They live by advertisements of beer and whiskey. One sees with what zeal and courage they would expose the canteen abuse! In fact, their entire attitude towards the natives is one of antagonism and contempt. They would be the last resort in the world of a wronged Filipino. Our newspapers at home, as we have said, do little but languidly print the doctored Philippine dispatches. Where is there any persistent and rational discussion of the infinitely difficult questions of taxation, of education, of religion, of municipal and general government with which the Philippine Commission is wrestling? The American public is tired of it all. Naturally, therefore, the American press drops it all.

Which of our American newspapers know, or, if they do know, tell their readers, that great dissatisfaction with American rule now exists in Porto Rico, that the San Juan Chamber of Commerce is out with a strong protest against the new system of taxation and custom-house administration, and that the increasing discontent was what led Gov. Allen to make his sudden and hurried trip to Washington? What editorial bulwarks of liberty have the Cuban planters, who say that the United States is taxing them worse than Spain, at the same time that it is shutting them out of a market for their sugar and tobacco? Who among the noble champions of the Cubans in the American press even knows that the University of Havana, faculty and students, is up in arms against the recent military decree reorganizing and (it is alleged) demoralizing that institution? These are but specimen questions. The answer to all of them is that the American press cares for none of these things. It has other sensations in hand. That old orange is squeezed and thrown away. One short year has sufficed to show that this particular Imperialistic doll—this theory that our colonists would safely repose under the ægis of an independent and liberty-loving press—is stuffed with sawdust.

CURRENCY REFORM CONTINUED.

The Reform Club, through its Sound-Currency Committee, has issued an appeal for funds to carry on the work of currency reform from the point where it was left by the recent legislation of Congress (act of March 14, 1900), to the real and indisputable establishment of the gold standard. "Though much has been accomplished," it says, "the financial reforms advocated by this Committee and embodied in its enunciation of principles, are still incomplete." By way of showing its incompleteness the Committee publishes a tract embracing the recent article on this subject by Professor Laughlin, the recent address of Congressman Hill of Connecticut, the statement of Secretary Gage published in the *Journal of Commerce*, which was called out by Professor Laughlin's article, and the comments of the *Journal of Commerce* thereon. These papers, in the opinion of the Committee, point to the conclusion that the law recently passed, if administered by public officers who are hostile to it, by no means assures the maintenance of the gold standard.

It will be observed that the work proposed by the Committee does not relate to any point or subject in controversy among the friends of currency reform. It does not touch the question of "banking on assets." It does not relate to banknotes in any shape or form. It is directed solely to the defects of the present law regarding the gold standard. Those defects it may be well to point out again.

The chief defect in the act of March 14, 1900, is the omission of the law to make all contracts and obligations to pay dollars mean gold dollars. In this particular the only advance achieved is found in the clause which makes the new 2 per cent. bonds and the greenbacks and Treasury notes payable specifically in gold. The legal character and status of silver dollars and silver certificates remain unchanged. Private obligations remain unchanged. The old law of 1873 which made the gold dollar the unit of value is reënacted. This reaffirmation is not without moral effect, but its legal force is not augmented. Professor Laughlin showed that more than one thousand millions of the Government debt remains payable in "coin," under which phrase silver dollars are included. The House bill, for which that of the Senate was substituted, had contained a clause declaring "that all interest-bearing obligations of the United States for the payment of money, now existing or hereafter to be entered into, shall be deemed and held to be payable in the gold coin

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of the United States." This was stricken out by the Conference Committee, and it is one of the omissions which the Reform Club's committee desires to restore by future legislation. Another is the omission to make silver dollars exchangeable for gold dollars at the pleasure of the holder. The law declares it the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury to maintain the parity of value of all forms of money issued or coined by the United States—that is, parity with gold—but it gives him no new powers with which to execute the mandate. On this point Professor Laughlin says:

"Suppose that Congress had ordained that the navy should have all the old powder exchanged for smokeless powder, and that it should have made it the duty of the Secretary of the Navy to make such exchange, but had *provided no appropriation for this* purpose, nor allowed any machinery for carrying out the plan beyond what existed before. Should we not regard this as *something more than trickery?* Certainly, it would be an insult to the intelligence of the public."

The law provides abundant means for replenishing the gold reserve when deficiencies occur for redeeming the legal-tender notes, and Secretary Gage finds a clause by which he is authorized to use the gold reserve "for all lawful purposes." Under this proviso he holds that it might be used to maintain the parity of all forms of money issued or coined by the United States. He is probably correct in this assumption. When a particular duty is imposed upon a public officer, he ought to construe all doubtful provisions of law in such manner as to promote the fulfilment of the duty. The immediate question, however, is not what a friendly Secretary would do, but what an unfriendly one might do.

The law, as a whole, contains provisions which constitute an advance toward the establishment of the gold standard, but it falls short of completeness in the particulars named. It is a good fair-weather law. Given prosperous times and a friendly administration of the Treasury Department, it will serve our needs in practice, although not perfect in theory. Even an unfriendly Secretary would be unable to disturb the gold standard by paying out silver dollars so long as the business of the country is active enough to absorb the silver dollars and certificates. In such case the Secretary, however unfriendly, could not get hold of enough silver dollars to do any real harm, although he might start a panic by attempting to force silver on the Government's creditors.

Under these conditions the Reform Club's determination to continue its sound-currency campaign is most commendable, and ought to be sustained by the contributions of the business men who have so liberally supplied it heretofore. No other agency has equalled it in furnishing to the public facts, arguments, and statistical information of value. No other can be named that possesses equally good machinery for disseminating such enlightenment.

THE ECLIPSE OF LIBERALISM.

As the nineteenth century draws to its close it is impossible not to contrast the political ideals now dominant with those of the preceding era. It was the rights of man which engaged the attention of the political thinkers of the eighteenth century. The world had suffered so much misery from the results of dynastic ambitions and jealousies, the masses of mankind were everywhere so burdened by the exactions of the superior classes, as to bring about a universal revulsion against the principle of authority. Government, it was plainly seen, had become the vehicle of oppression; and the methods by which it could be subordinated to the needs of individual development, and could be made to foster liberty rather than to suppress it, were the favorite study of the most enlightened philosophers. In opposition to the theory of divine right, whether of kings or demagogues, the doctrine of natural rights was set up. Humanity was exalted above human institutions, man was held superior to the State, and universal brotherhood supplanted the ideals of national power and glory.

These eighteenth-century ideas were the soil in which modern Liberalism flourished. Under their influence the demand for Constitutional Government arose. Rulers were to be the servants of the people, and were to be restrained and held in check by bills of rights and fundamental laws which defined the liberties proved by experience to be most important and most vulnerable. Hence arose the movement for Parliamentary reform in England, with its great outcome, the establishment of what was called free trade, but which was really the overthrow of many privileges besides those of the landlords. Hence arose the demands for Constitutional reform in all the countries of Europe; abortive and unsuccessful in certain respects, but frightening despots into a semblance of regard for human liberty, and into practical concessions which at least curbed despotic authority. Republics were established and Constitutions were ordained. The revolutions of 1848 proved the power of the spirit of Liberalism, and where despotism reasserted itself, it did so with fear and trembling.

To the principles and precepts of Liberalism the prodigious material progress of the age was largely due. Freed from the vexatious meddling of governments, men devoted themselves to their natural task, the bettering of their condition, with the wonderful results which surround us. But it now seems that its material comfort has blinded the eyes of the present generation to the cause which made it possible. In the politics of the world, Liberalism is a declining, almost a defunct force. The condition of the Liberal party in England is indeed parlous. There is actually talk of organizing a Liberal-Imperialist party; a combination of repugnant tendencies and theories as impossible as that of fire and water. On the other hand, there is a faction of so-called Liberals who so little understand their traditions as to make common cause with the Socialists. Only a remnant, old men for the most part, still uphold the Liberal doctrine, and when they are gone, it will have no champions.

True Liberalism has never been understood by the masses of the French people; and while it has no more consistent and enlightened defenders than the select group of orthodox economists that still reverence the principles of Turgot and Say, there is no longer even a Liberal faction in the Chamber. Much the same is true of Spain, of Italy, and of Austria, while the present condition of Lberalism in Germany is in painful contrast with what it was less than a generation ago. In our country recent events show how much ground has been lost. The Declaration of Independence no longer arouses enthusiasm; it is an embarrassing instrument which requires to be explained away. The Constitution is said to be "outgrown"; and at all events the rights which it guarantees must be carefully reserved to our own citizens, and not allowed to human beings over whom we have purchased sovereignty. The great party which boasted that it had secured for the negro the rights of humanity and of citizenship, now listens in silence to the proclamation of white supremacy and makes no protest against the nullification of the Fifteenth Amendment. Its mouth is closed, for it has become "patriot only in pernicious toils," and the present boasts of this "champion of human kind" are

"To mix with Kings in the low lust of sway,
Yell in the hunt, and share the murderous prey;
To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils
From freemen torn, to tempt and to betray."

Nationalism in the sense of national greed has supplanted Liberalism. It is an old foe under a new name. By making the aggrandizement of a particular nation a higher end than the welfare of mankind, it has sophisticated the moral sense of Christendom. Aristotle justified slavery, because Barbarians were "naturally" inferior to Greeks, and we have gone back to his philosophy. We hear no more of natural rights, but of inferior races, whose part it is to submit to the government of those whom God has made their superiors. The old fallacy of divine right has once more asserted its ruinous power, and before it is again repudiated there must be international struggles on a terrific scale. At home all criticism of the foreign policy of our rulers is denounced as unpatriotic. They must not be changed, for the national policy must be continuous. Abroad, the rulers of every country must hasten

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to every scene of territorial plunder, that they may secure their share. To succeed in these predatory expeditions the restraints of parliamentary, even of party, government must be cast aside. The Czar of Russia and the Emperor of Germany have a free hand in China; they are not hampered by constitutions or by representatives of the common people. Lord Salisbury is more embarrassed, and the President of the United States is, according to our Constitution, helpless without the support of Congress. That is what our Imperialists mean by saying that we have outgrown the Constitution.

THE ORGANIZATION OF EDUCATION.

One of the advance steps which seem most likely to be taken in education in the immediate future is the organization of educational forces. We have colleges and universities to spare, with constantly increasing enrolments and rapidly swelling endowments. The efficiency of the various classes of preparatory schools has grown with rapid strides during the present generation. What seems to be demanded now is an organization of these multitudinous agencies, in accordance with some system which, while not destroying proper individuality or ambition, will bring about greater harmony and coöperation, and rid the educational field of not a little lack of uniformity and of waste of energy due to needless duplication.

There has been already a considerable number of hopeful steps in this direction. The Commission of Colleges in New England, the New England Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools, and such special organizations as the New England History Teachers' Association, have done much in the way of unifying the work of colleges and secondary schools, particularly in the matter of methods of instruction, college entrance requirements, and the conditions of various academic degrees. An association of colleges and preparatory schools for the Middle States and Maryland has been working along the same lines, and has lately set itself to organize and maintain a board for the conduct of college entrance examinations. There are similar associations for the Northwest, and, we believe, for other sections of the country, while the National Educational Association, now a highly organized and efficient body, has already, through the reports of some of its committees, profoundly stimulated discussion of educational problems.

What is needed now is a systematic gathering up of the results which these various bodies, each working, to a considerable extent, independently of the others, have attained, and a systematic attempt to apply their demonstrated principles to the work of organization over a given territory. There are several topics with which any such attempt would particularly concern itself. First in importance, doubtless, must be placed the much-discussed subject of uniform college entrance requirements. The point that now needs attention, however, and the one most to be considered in a general scheme of organization, is not the terms in which requirements are stated, but the uniformity with which the prescriptions are interpreted. Theoretically, at least, we have now practical agreement as to the kind and amount of work a boy shall do in each of the subjects which go to make up his "fit"; but the standards of examiners in testing his attainments vary widely. In one college the hard subject to pass is Greek, in another mathematics, in another history; yet the catalogue definition of requirements is, very likely, the same in all. After giving all due weight to the personal equation, it is still very apparent that, in education as in other things, only a beginning has been made when a "scheme" has been drafted, and that it is the spirit, rather than the letter, of the law that usually counts for the most.

The experiment undertaken by the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools for the Middle States and Maryland will be watched with special interest in this connection. This association proposes to secure, by means of a joint committee from colleges and fitting schools, the preparation and use of uniform papers for entrance examinations. The papers will be drawn up and corrected by the committee, or under their supervision. Whether such a plan is feasible or not, or whether it may not be defeated by the great amount of labor involved in carrying it out, experience must show, but the project is a bold move in the direction of which we have been speaking—that, namely, of reducing to the lowest terms the wide variations of judgment among college examiners.

The same crying need of uniformity arises in fixing the content of college and university courses. There would seem to be no insuperable difficulty in securing practical identity at this point. In departments such as languages and mathematics, the ground covered in a given "course" might easily be made substantially the same in all institutions in which that course is taught. In other departments, where library or laboratory facilities affect the extent and quality of the instruction, the courses of different institutions might well be arranged so as to bear a known and ascertainable value in relation to each other. The underlying feeling of the average man, particularly the average parent, that a term or year of work at Brown or Amherst or Bowdoin ought to stand for the same as a term or year at Williams or Tufts or Dartmouth, has too firm a basis to be much longer ignored. At present, each institution regulates the matter for itself, often by a rather crude rule of thumb. Harvard scrutinizes the content of a "course," as well as the record of the student who has taken it, and by this means reaches a conclusion as to how much, on its own scale, the offered work is worth. Other institutions, including many small colleges, rate the work of similar institutions, course for course, the same as they rate their own. Neither follows what any of the others recognizes as a general principle, and the result is only a working compromise.

Consideration of entrance requirements and the content of college courses involves necessarily the conditions for a degree, in regard to which, also, there is still wide diversity. It is the solution of problems of this sort that educational organization has next to undertake. The demand is not for machinery for the sake of a system, but for conservation of energy for the sake of the student and the public. There are difficulties in the way, of course; some of them, no doubt, serious. It will not be easy to devise a plan of coöperation in which universities, colleges, and preparatory schools shall each find place and work harmoniously to definite ends, but something of the sort has certainly come to be a pressing desideratum.

THE PRESENT NEEDS OF ITALY.

The tragic death of King Humbert leaves the Italian state in a deplorable condition. The very ongoing of the present order may depend upon a good understanding between the new King and his Parliament and people. Division and subdivision have been the only constant principles of action in Italy since the departure of the French from Rome. Unification had been an idea of the dreamers, of the Dantes and Petrarchs and Leopardis; and when the unification of Italy became a fact, it appeared too suddenly and with too much adventitious aid from outside. The old provincial divisions have never really disappeared. Between Piedmontese and Neapolitan what a gulf! How different a Tuscan from either! Italy is wrestling with a parliamentary system, without possessing that sense of party loyalty and responsibility which can alone give weight and stability to party government. The Deputies at Montecitorio dissolve into contending factions with ever-shifting alliances, so that nothing like consistent party policy is discoverable. A kingdom where local divisions are most strongly marked, groans under a Napoleonic bureaucracy which it distrusts and has hardly yet learned to understand, while in the struggle between Church and State the State appears to lose.

In the web of corruption and cross-purposes which has enveloped the Government of Italy, the kingship has been the one bright strand. Two kings of heroic courage, of generous heart, and of open mind have represented all that was

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admirable in the national ideal. If loyalty to the kingship goes, the last informing idea of the present order goes with it, and the time will be ripe for revolution. This is mere sentiment, some will say; but it is by such sentiment that nations live. It is unfortunate that Victor Emmanuel III. is not what his compatriots call *uomo simpatico;* it is generally believed, however, that he has unusual abilities, and there is hope that he may be, like his father and grandfather before him, moderator of the cruel tempest in which the Italian state drifts almost pilotless—"nave senza nocchiero in gran tempesta."

The parliamentary system has relatively failed in Italy, but the nation has suffered more from internal corruption and from bad finance than from simple maladjustment of political system to national temperament. The official class, not excluding the army, is notoriously corrupt. We know on indubitable authority that at Naples a paltry fee will secure for an attorney the papers delivered by his opponent for the private information of the court. The Deputies enrich themselves at the public expense, and the principle of *combinazione* is all-powerful. The result is that there exists in Italy a profound contempt for its own political institutions. "They [the Deputies] are all corrupt, or quickly become so," said an intelligent proprietor last spring to an American, "and the only remedy is general abstention from voting." It must be a desperate condition indeed that suggests, even as a whim, the protest of folded hands and silent lips. *Giusti son due,* said Dante of the Florentine leaders of his time; it were an optimistic Italian that would admit as many just leaders to-day.

Oppressive taxation is the crying evil of Italy. Here lie the greatest perils to the state and, as well, the greatest possibilities of reform. The peasants of the Apennines, a thrifty, laborious race, live chiefly on chestnuts and cheese; in Romagna—the garden spot of Italy—the workers suffer peculiar and distressing diseases because they cannot afford salt, heavily taxed as it is, for their *polenta;* in the farming districts of southern Italy, we are credibly informed, the taxes amount to 50 per cent. of income from all sources. The selling of small properties for defaulted taxes of less than 100 lire ($20) is of common occurrence. The unification of Italy was at best an expensive necessity, and a corrupt administration and an ambitious military and naval policy have made the burden doubly galling. These taxes are paid by those who are least able to bear them. The peasant pays on his land, and pays day by day for every pint of milk or bunch of vegetables he carries to market; the wealthy citizen is often favored by statute (luxuries are curiously enough generally exempted from taxation as "non-productive"), and more by collusion with the assessor. Northern Italy, which in 1891 possessed 48 per cent. of the national wealth, pays less than 40 per cent. of the taxes, while southern Italy, holding 27 per cent., contributes 32 per cent.; so unequal is the distribution of a burden grievous enough in any case.

It is in this matter of taxation that Italy must make or break. The average Italian takes his politics lightly enough, but he knows well that he is taxed, and taxed cruelly. The principle of revolt is not in him, still less that of reform, but actual distress and hunger may bring about the real "bread riots" that the disorders of May, 1898, professed to be, unless reform first come to relieve an intolerable situation. Reasonable honesty in administration, average justice in taxation, passable economy in expenditure —this is all that the Italian state requires for its safe continuance. The alternative is clearly enough dismemberment and a return to the old condition of independent states and communes. But we cannot believe that the work of the Risorgimento is so to be nullified. There is a remnant working for the revivification of the body politic; and with this despised remnant of *intellectuels,* of whom Signor Villari is the type, the future of Italy largely lies. The public life, like the art and literature of Italy, has been in danger of perishing for want of ideas. The old ideas of the unification have worn out. The idea of reform and the civic courage to carry it into effect are the only hope of the Italian nation. The King, from the Constitutional limitation of his powers, can contribute little directly to this work; but by representing in his person the solidarity of national feeling, through which alone reform can come, he may indirectly contribute much.

JACOB DOLSON COX.

Thirty years ago this very month which witnesses his decease, Mr. Cox, then Secretary of the Interior, received from President Grant such treatment as seldom falls to the lot of an upright Cabinet officer. One McGarrahan, who had for years been endeavoring in the courts to establish a fraudulent claim to California mining lands really belonging to the United States, and had four times been repulsed in disgrace by the courts, was working upon Congress, where his success was no greater. However, his claim had, in 1870, been again referred to the House Judiciary Committee, and he had as counsel Lewis Dent, the President's brother-in-law. Meanwhile the New Idria Mining Company lodged an application with the Interior Department for a patent to the same lands. Through the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, promptly and sharply overruled by the United States Supreme Court, McGarrahan procured an injunction against the application taking its natural course. This failing, he induced the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee to request Secretary Cox to suspend proceedings in view of possible Congressional action in favor of the pretender. The Secretary, upon this impertinence, asked the advice of Attorney-General Hoar, who replied that the rights of the New Idria Company were determined by law, and were not subject to requests from judiciary committees or even from Congress itself. Accordingly, Secretary Cox ordered the Land Office examiners to pursue their usual routine, with due notice to all parties interested.

It was now midsummer, and President Grant had gone to Long Branch, whither the McGarrahan interest pursued him, and drew from him an executive order to Secretary Cox to disregard the Attorney-General's advice, and to leave the matter in the hands of the Judiciary Committee. The Secretary, who had in vain urged that Grant return to Washington and submit the controversy to a special meeting of the Cabinet, gave plain notice in his reply that such interference on the part of his chief, if persisted in (and this was not the first instance), would compel him to resign.

The occasion was not long in coming. The Pennsylvania election was approaching, and the Republican party managers made their customary appearance in Washington to blackmail the clerks of the departments in a manner now prohibited by law. The Interior Department, however, had been put by Secretary Cox, of his own motion, and long before any civil-service reform regulations had been enacted, on a merit basis—no dismissals except for incompetency, no appointments except after examination. He accordingly forbade a levy fixed in the case of each clerk or class by the party collectors, with threat of dismissal for non-compliance. From this moment he was doomed. Simon Cameron and Senator "Zach" Chandler led a powerful movement to oust the independent Secretary. The President, on his part, displeased at finding his irregular, semi-military interference resented—moreover, already seeking a renomination—gave no support to Secretary Cox, who in October handed in his resignation, following Hoar, who had been previously forced out. "Stalwart" Republicans like Col. Forney of the Philadelphia *Press,* acting as Grant's mouthpiece, insinuated "personal reasons" for the resignation, and then attacked the retiring officer for his "sickly sentimentality" in taking the civil service out of politics, as well as for his action in the case of the McGarrahan claim.

Secretary Cox's virtual dismissal at the behest of the machine was vigorously censured by the press of the country without distinction of party. President Woolsey of Yale and his professors held a meeting to swell the chorus of reprobation. In fact, the incident of Secretary Cox's political martyrdom materially conduced to the ultimate triumph of the reform movement, then struggling into being. It was still fresh in the public mind when the opposition aroused by the progress of official corruption under Grant's first Administration engendered the luckless Cincinnati Convention of 1872. Gen. Cox was a natural candidate of the reform party, with which he had publicly identified himself. A lawyer by profession, he had had civic experience as State Senator of Ohio, when with Hayes and Garfield he virtually directed legislation; at the close of the war he had been elected Governor. His versatile talent had found free play as executive head of the miscellaneous Department of the Interior. His services on the battlefield had been conspicuous and

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highly meritorious and successful. He had sacrificed his Cabinet position in defence of pure government. He suffered, however, the fate of most martyrs, and his leadership was not entertained by a body which ended by nominating Greeley.

A partial return to public life was made in 1876, when the Sixth Ohio District elected Gen. Cox to the House of Representatives at Washington by the largest majority ever known. It was his hope that he might thus do something to sustain President Hayes. He did not serve a second term, whether it was not assured him, or whether the time had come for him to choose for or against politics as a career. He felt the helplessness of the new member, unused to the ropes. He saw how genuine debate is handicapped by the vastness of the House chamber and by the mob of inattentive members. Perhaps he had had enough of strife, for his character was essentially easy and amiable, however resolute and soldierly. Save for one speech on the stump in 1880 in support of his old associate Garfield, he retired altogether from politics even as a free lance or as a contributor to public discussion in the press. He came near being drawn into the currency debate, for he had been persuaded by his friend Dana Horton's arguments for the remonetization of silver; but he held aloof. He had, on quitting the Cabinet, resumed the practice of the law in Cincinnati. He then removed to Toledo to become President of the Wabash Railroad. On the expiration of his Congressional term, he was made President of the Cincinnati University, and afterwards Dean of the Law School. A graduate of Oberlin College in 1851, he returned three years ago to that institution to end his days, having made a most agreeable arrangement by which his private library was added to that of the College, and he provided with a corner of his own, where his literary work could be pursued amid delightful surroundings. Here he completed, among other works, his military memoirs now in course of publication by the Scribners, and he entered upon his vacation last month with as much buoyancy and expectation as ever. It was his summer custom to join one of his sons in cruising in the Gulf of Maine, with headquarters at Magnolia, Mass., and in that place he died after a brief weakness on August 4.

We have purposely, in these "strenuous" days, begun our notice of a truly noble man and rare American at a point unrelated to his military career, which, with his various writings, will chiefly cause him to be remembered by posterity. He was, however, one of the first to raise troops and take command in the civil war, passing (after distinguished action on many fields from West Virginia to Maryland, Tennessee, and North Carolina) from a brigadier-generalship to a major-generalship, in which capacity he earned the honors of the stubborn contest with Hood at Franklin. Of the war he became an historian in his monographs on 'Atlanta,' 'The March to the Sea,' 'The Second Battle of Bull Run, as Connected with the Fitz-John Porter Case,' 'The Battle of Franklin,' and finally in the memoirs already referred to, of which he was reading the proofs when stricken down. He had been for many years, and to the very last, the military critic of books for the *Nation* and the *Evening Post*, and after the death of John C. Ropes he was easily the highest authority with reference to the events and the strategy of the civil war. He wrote with great fluency, seldom amending his proofs, and maintained to the end the vigor of thought and expression which marked his prime. His fairness was remarkable for a nature so hearty as to be almost fervid. If his judgment of Fitz-John Porter seems unwarranted, or at least not that which will finally prevail, his admiration for Grant as a soldier was unimpaired by his experience with him as a politician-ridden President. For Sherman, too, he had a high regard, in spite of a certain brusqueness towards subordinates; for, as Gen. Cox used to remark, when the fight was raging no man could be more Chesterfieldian, and he concluded that, on the whole, he should prefer, of all commanders he had known, to serve again under Sherman.

Gen. Cox did not go with his party the full length of its opposition to President Johnson, and this contributed in some measure to his dropping out of local politics in Ohio. He had a dread of negro suffrage, or rather he had a strong desire that the white race should shape the destiny of the country. No more than others who have essayed it could he suggest a solution of the reconstruction problem wiser or more stable than that adopted by Congress. In 1865 he proposed a scheme of segregation, but it found no echo. He witnessed with satisfaction the downfall of the carpet-bag régime, to which President Hayes gave the *coup de grâce* that President Grant forebore to deal, though seeing it to be inevitable. He knew that through or over existing forms the wealth, intelligence, and force of character of the South would assert itself and regain control of the government. The extent to which this process has actually gone on, with the growth of lynching and political terrorism such as shocks us to-day, could but seem to him deplorable.

The distinction of Oberlin College was that it welcomed not only female students—a prime innovation—but colored. Of such an institution Gen. Cox was proud to be both an alumnus and latterly a trustee. He married a daughter of President Finney, once famous as a revivalist preacher, and made his last home in a spot endeared to both by the tenderest associations. His father was a master-builder, whose home sometimes accompanied his contracts, and was actually in Montreal when the future Gen. Cox was born on October 27, 1828. Mechanical aptitude "ran in the family," and produced among the numerous brothers a turbine wheel on which great expectations, not realized, were based. Gen. Cox was devoted to the microscope, and among his other diversions was a thorough study of the cathedrals of Europe. He was the father of Kenyon Cox, the well-known artist and art critic. A daughter married a son of Gen. Pope.

We should do ourselves injustice if we withheld from this imperfect tribute to Gen. Cox the note of personal bereavement. For a generation we have enjoyed with him an intimacy characterized by utter frankness and entire mutual esteem through all vicissitudes of opinion; enlivened by constant intercourse by letter, in connection with that attached and cordial collaboration which has lent so much weight to the reviews of this journal; and refreshed by visits, "alas! too few," in his annual east-westward journey. In a time of decadence we feel keenly the loss of one who threw all his weight in the scale of that elder Americanism which, to look only at his own State, has undergone so woful a substitution—for Chase, and Giddings, and Wade, for Hayes and Garfield, of Grosvenor and Foraker, of McKinley and Hanna.

AMONG THE NURAGHI.

SASSARI, SARDINIA, June, 1900.

"Illæ robustissimorum saxorum maceries, quæ adhuc Noraces vocantur, et ad instar rotundarum turrium, in insulæ locis agrestibus et montuosis, passim conspiciuntur." Thus wrote John Francis Fara, Bishop of Bosa, in the sixteenth century, in 'De Chorographia Sardiniæ' (first edition, Turin, 1835); and beyond the time of Fara, as scholars tell us, similar references are found through Diodorus Siculus up to Aristotle himself. In more recent times, students, local or other, serious travellers, or mere inquisitive tourists (like the present writer) have found in these strange remains of a vanished race an interest none the less great from the fact that, saving their very obvious and tangible existence, almost every point bearing on their origin or their purpose is still wrapped in the haze of obscurity and conflicting conjecture. So numerous, indeed, are the monographs on this subject that the stranger soon finds his Italian vocabulary enriched with the uninviting terms *nuraghagrafo* and *nuraghologo*, to neither of which, if he be wise, will he dare to pretend.

As the railway train proceeds along the main Sardinian line from Cagliari to Sassari, the eminences and hillsides are frequently observed to be topped by massive, conical towers of stone, built in horizontal courses of rough-hewn blocks without mortar or cement, which diminish in size up to the flat, truncated top of the structure. When Macomer, the nodus of the island, is reached, the whole district appears fairly studded with these *nuraghi;* and from here to Nuoro, situated near the great craggy outposts of the Gennargentu chain, or mountain centre of Sardinia, is consequently the most favorable field for study, whether long or short. Some of the best-preserved remains, as well as a few specimens of another character, are likewise in this vicinity. Near the small *paese* of Bolotaha, close by, Neigebaur (Turin, 1855) professed to have ascertained the existence of no less than two hundred nuraghi. It has been estimated that the total number contained in the island is upwards of three thousand; on this point most of the authorities agree. But by far the clearest impression of the vast numbers of these towers, in good condition long ages ago, is to be obtained from an admirable map of a small corner of Sardinia made by the Cav. Filippo Nissardi, Inspector of the Museo Nazionale at Cagliari, unfortunately as yet unpublished. The specific marks indicating nuraghi, whether ruined or intact, are in some places so close together as to remind one of the "Temperance Map" of London, in which each red spot stands for a tavern. As Dr. Nissardi's map represents the "nuraghography" of only the northwestern angle lying to the left of Porto Torres and Alghero, it is much to be regretted that the authorities have not yet seen fit to enable him to complete the survey of the island before the disappearance, through carelessness or deliberate destruction, of many more of these interesting remains.

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The typical nuraghe, as the better-informed reader doubtless knows, consists usually of two vaulted chambers, one above the other, the upper one being reached by a spiral passage, so narrow as to admit but one person at a time, and rarely high enough to allow one to stand erect. This is, however, by no means a universal rule. A short distance from Tempio in Gallura, for instance, there stands on the property of the Azara family an extremely interesting specimen, which the kindness of its owners allowed the writer to see under the very best conditions. It originally had two stories (the upper one now gone), but the ground floor is reached through a high vaulted corridor, leading by openings, right and left, to two chambers of the ordinary type, while from the left-hand room a small third chamber is reached through a low aperture. Behind these again, and still included in the eight-foot wall of the nuraghe, lies a fourth room, almost entirely ruined, the ingress to which is undetermined. Another noteworthy feature of this structure lies in the fact that, like others in Gallura, it is built of the hard gray granite of the Limbara district, largely used for construction purposes in the town of Tempio itself. Its lines are consequently much less regular than usual, and the courses less horizontal. The builders obviously selected blocks with approximately smooth cleavage, for no sign of tooling has been detected here. One of the larger blocks, taken almost at haphazard, proved on measurement to be five and a half feet long, four feet wide, and two and a half feet thick. Differences in structure have been variously explained, as will subsequently appear; the variety of material employed (hard calcareous stone, trachytic porphyry, volcanic rock, and so forth) depended on the nature of available building stone afforded by the neighborhood. Thus, the celebrated "Black Nuraghe," seen from the railway carriage window, near Ploaghe, between Chilivani and Sassari, is built of lava, fairly abundant in the region. As regards height and girth, it need but be said that the larger towers measure some fifty feet from foundation to top of platform, with a diameter of about eighty feet at the base; scores of them are on a much smaller scale.

It forms no part of the purpose of the present article to attempt the serious solution of difficulties over which archæologists are still at strife; the outside dilettante is only too often disposed to rush in where the specialist treads with wary foot. Suffice it to say that authorities on "nuraghology" see in these structures a variety of different ends. Thus, to take a few of them chronologically, Stephanini ('De Veteribus Sardiniæ Landibus,' 1772) holds them to be trophies of victory; Madao ('Sarde Antichita,' 1792) argues in favor of a *sepulchral* hypothesis; La Marmora, the classical authority on Sardinia (1840), looks upon the nuraghi as essentially connected with religious worship; Canonico Giov. Spano (1854), also an eminent nuraghologist, discovered grounds for considering them to be dwellings of the primitive inhabitants of Sardinia ("case e abitazioni antiche di famiglie aggregate in società"), while others, again, have come to the conclusion (Zanardelli, 1899) that the primary intention of the nurag-builder was strictly defensive, during ages of "Homeric struggle." In all this controversy, not always conducted, be it said, in the dispassionate spirit which is misguidedly supposed to mark the objective aloofness of science, only one writer of eminence seems to have been capable of taking the strictly logical position of the empirical school. Dr. Ettore Pais of Naples, in a most excellent monograph ('La Sardegna prima del Dominio Romano,' Rome, 1881), printed among the archives of the *Reale Accademia dei Lincei*, for the first time suggested that the purposes of the three thousand or more nuraghi in the island of Sardinia need not have been uniformly identical. Variety in structure might very well be brought about by diversity of purpose; and, indeed, the same nuraghe might well, in those primitive anti-specializing times, have been designed with more than one aim in view; further, as Dr. Pais points out, it is not easy to find two that coincide in all the details of their plan. There was, continues the learned writer, a close connection between the fortress and the temple in prehistoric times, or, as one might say, *entente cordiale* between the gown and the sword. This unlikeness of structure, in which La Marmora saw only a deeper mystery than ever, and which another sought to account for by assuming a difference in resources or social standing of their builders, appears to Dr. Pais, on the contrary, the obviously simple solution, which he offers.

He thus sums up his inference in the following widely synthetic proposition: "Il Nuraghe . . . devrebbe considerarsi come la forma non solo prototipica ma esclusiva di tutta l'architettura dell' antico abitante della Sardegna." This position is not easy to dispute. It is strengthened by the fact that all endeavors to classify the nuraghi in view of determined differences of purpose have thus far been unsuccessful. A very general division separates them into three kinds—single, linked, and grouped; but, according to several authorities, it rarely happens that nuraghi are found in complete isolation, and the linking and grouping can easily be explained by reference to the character of local situation rather than by specific differentiation in the matter of determinable purpose. When, for example, three closely neighboring hills offer favorable positions for construction, it is more than likely that towers will be found on each one. If the eminences form an *enfilade*, the nuraghi are linked, while a bunch, or cluster, results from closer juxtaposition of the respective sites.

The principal point which forced itself upon the notice of the writer will be noted presently; but, among the many valuable bibliographical resources placed at his disposal through the courtesy of the librarians at Cagliari and Sassari, he could hardly fail to mark the singular insistence laid by most of the contestants in turn upon this or that minor, not to say niggling, detail, in the endeavor to establish an hypothesis. Taking but one example, we may say that an opponent of Spano's very plausible theory of the nuraghe as a dwelling based his principal arguments on the absence of light and air in the interior of the structure, as well as on the general smallness of the means of ingress, which rarely admits of one's entering upright. Now when, in the name of all ethnological experience, did the cowering savage ever object to creep into his primitive lair? It surely argues a *parti pris* to ignore the fact that the tent of the North American Indian and the Esquimau snow hut are still commonly accessible only on all fours—sometimes in the more humiliating posture of the serpent. And as for sunlight and oxygen, on the necessity for which the critic in question dwells at much length, it may well be asked whether the inhabitants of ground floors and cellars on the Castello hill of Cagliari, in their narrow streets, enjoy much more of these blessings than did their remote ancestors, the nuraghe-builders? Scores of families in southern Italy live in one darksome room, the window and door of which are but meagre concessions to civilization; and, it may be added, the demand for light and air is one of the first signs that the material conditions of *modern* civilization are at last looked upon as essential. In this respect, Italy is still a laggard in the race, for the ordinary Italian bedroom is, at night, an air-tight camera obscura, while the terrors of the railway-carriage, with windows closed and curtains drawn, have become too proverbial for mention. It should also be said that, even to this day, the Sardinian shepherd frequently finds the nuraghi perfectly habitable. If one may be permitted another illustration, it is found in connection with the vexed question as to whether the nuraghi were all originally, as now, truncated near the top, or rounded off with a bulbous dome. On this point, a leading authority, basing his argument on the use of the word θόλος in a passage from a work commonly assigned to Aristotle ('De Mirab. Mundi'), of which the genuineness has, however, been contested, concludes in favor of truncation. But, says the skeptic, how do we know that Aristotle ever saw a nuraghe, or any one who had seen one? And, further, since θόλος signifies not only *camera fastigiata rotunda*, but *ædificium rotundum*, it appears to the outsider a somewhat arbitrary assumption to restrict the meaning to the former alone.

Preserving still the attitude of one untrained in the psychological (and logical) procedure of archæology, the writer confesses to some surprise at the comparatively faint stress laid by the majority of inquirers on what presented itself to him as the most salient general feature in connection with these mysterious towers. Apart entirely from the facts of their great numbers, of their massive strength, of the admittedly extreme rarity of their complete isolation, and of their almost invariable situation on eminences commanding a more or less extensive fertile district, little attention seems to have been paid, even by Gen. La Marmora, to their markedly favorable strategical positions. Over and over again, whether from the rapid glimpse through a railway-carriage window, or during the more leisurely and studious ramble in the country, the nuraghi appeared *en échelon* along the jutting points of a range of foothills, backed by the stronger support of mountain-ranges which, in those distant days, must have been well-nigh impassable for an invading enemy. If we take further into consideration the geographical structure of Sardinia, which offers, on the map, a rugged succession of mountains on the east side, from the Straits of Bonifacio to the Gulf of Cagliari, while the western swath, though partly hilly, opens out into the rich Campidano and other plains, it seems difficult to resist the convic-

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tion that *one* purpose at least of the builders was that of defence. One need not conclude that a synthetically organized scheme of fortresses was conceived from the outset. Rather, we should say, as the island became more and more populous, successive positions were selected, till at last, over a vast range of country, the harvests were commanded and protected from this stretch of hill-towers presenting their openings mostly to the south—not only the quarter on which the safest harbors were found, but also the direction from which hostile incursions were by far the most likely to come. This impression was intensified on seeing, in the Museo Nazionale at Cagliari, a very complete, if partly conjectural, restoration of the original ground-plan of a nuraghe, inductively put together by the Cav. Filippo Nissardi as the result of years of study. It represents the central tower flanked with smaller turrets, and the line of circumvallation described by a massive wall which, according to the hypothesis, enclosed the primitive settlement; while outside the boundary of this defence was the necropolis, so often illustrated in Sardinia in the *Tumbas de los Gigantes*.

Of the æsthetic effect of the nuraghi in the landscape, little notice seems to have been taken. Photographs can give but a faint idea of the impressiveness of these lonely masses of cyclopean blocks, dominating the plains, and presenting, under the afternoon sun, the most superb deep orange of their flanks, covered all over with stonecrop and other lichenous growths; while the base, and often the top of the structure, blossoms out in weeds and wild-flowers. There is, however, one result derived from careful photographing, namely, the correction of a defect common to almost all illustrations with pen or pencil. Such pictures usually represent the lines of construction much too regularly. Both from the cheap woodcuts of Sardinian monographs, and from the elaborate engraving of La Marmora's atlas, which accompanies his great work, the reader would be led to expect rectilinear effects resembling the lines of an Eddystone lighthouse; while the real beauty of these towers seems rather to consist in their constant preservation of due and graceful relations between height and diameter, without insisting on strict regularity of upright and horizontal lines. The undeniable practical superiority of photography in this respect is further enhanced by comparing results in the writer's possession with cuts from La Marmora (steel) and Tyndale (wood) of a singular row of vertical cones of stone, known as the *pedras marmuradas de Tamuli*, a few miles to the west of Macomer. Two or three of these bear, a few inches from the top, protuberances roughly resembling the human female breast. In La Marmora, the beautifully executed steel engraving shows a sort of cartridge broken out with two warts; and Tyndale's illustration is entirely misleading.

If the end for which the nuraghi were originally destined is still open to controversy, no less doubt continues to hang about the question as to who built them. The philological speculations of Petit-Radel and others, the strictly Biblical turn of Spano's argumentative ethnology, and the still more elaborate historical researches of contemporary scholars tend to inspire the unlearned with due respect, but also with prudent reserve, for all these doctors do most hopelessly disagree. There is nothing in these buildings, save the nature of their construction, the bronze tools or instruments and the grotesque idols (or *figurines*) discovered in fairly large numbers among the ruins, that can serve to decide approximately the epoch of building or the builders. It seems possible, according to the best authorities, to connect the nuraghi historically with the Talajotz (or Talaxots) of Mallorca, which resemble them in shape and position. And a leading archæologist, of another order, told the present writer that towers of similar construction may still be seen among the almost unvisited islands of the Aegean. The ordinary traveller will be quite content to remain unfixed in the nebula of hypothesis; for him, it is sufficient to know that, in the dim distance of that prehistoric past, there lived on the island a race capable, like the Sardes of Vittorio Emanuele's day, of asserting their rights to have and to hold what their industry had made their own. But this Sardinian determination to preserve, in the midst of Italian unity, a distinctive ethnical and social character has also the advantage of fostering the prehistoric tradition of consideration and hospitality to the stranger. While warmly thanking Dr. Arnaldo Capra (librarian at Cagliari) and Dr. the Rev. Filippo Nissardi, Vittorio Finzi (librarian at Sassari), together with their assistants, for much more than official courtesy and kindness, the writer would also include in his gratitude the many unnamed Sardinians —chance acquaintances, innkeepers, and peasants—whose attentions stimulated the interest of study by reducing the difficulties of travel in a beautiful country little trodden by the tourist. P. T. L.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—VI.

THE FOREIGN FINE-ART SECTIONS.

LONDON, July, 1900.

If all roads lead to Rome, it is certain that all good pictures—by Continental artists—find their way to the two Salons. The foreign sections at the Grand Palais des Beaux-Arts, if I except the American, have little to show that is not known, little that can come as a surprise. The work has almost all been seen in Paris at one time or another, though, of course, now that it is collected together according to countries, certain national characteristics are more sharply marked. Art is not an affair of nationality, it is true; but only the greatest artists remain uninfluenced by accidents of race and climate and environment.

As far as space is concerned, Germany, Austria, and Great Britain fare no better than the United States. Unable to make an exhaustive display, the Germans and Austrians seem to have determined to show how an exhibition should be arranged. Their rooms are interesting, less because of what is in them than because of their scheme of arrangement and decoration. There is no doubt that Mr. Whistler, when he startled London by paying some attention to the color of the walls and the distribution of light in the gallery of the British Artists who had made him their President, was the first to explain that the beauty and effect of an exhibition as a whole should be considered no less than the quality of individual pictures. The same principle was accepted by the International Society, of which he is now President, and the two shows at Knightsbridge have given an example to the world. Certainly, they have had their influence on the Germans, who contributed to them, and who now, in Paris, have built up a series of beautiful rooms, decorated, one in green, another in red and gold, separated by a little hall with alcoves and marble columns. There are rich hangings, wide couches are set out as in a drawing-room, green plants in tubs, bronzes, and pedestals are scattered here and there, and you have a pleasant sense of not being in an exhibition gallery, but in a palatial apartment where pictures happen to be among the treasures. The only trouble is that the scheme of decoration is too gorgeous, it is overdone, as it is also in the German pavilion. Ornament is piled upon ornament, with heaviness as the result. But, on the other hand, the pictures gain by the arrangement. They have an air of being something fine, the careful hanging points to their importance, and I was struck with the fact that it lends distinction to the most commonplace. A portrait that even at the International in London was a blot on the otherwise beautiful walls, here becomes not only unobjectionable, but almost impressive.

However, it is just as well the collection should borrow importance somewhere, for, in itself, it has no great merit to recommend it. There are but two small water-colors by Menzel; Stuck's labored mysticism has long since become tedious; the series of portraits by Lenbach prove how seldom his work is worthy of his reputation; there is a not very distinguished Liebermann, a still less distinguished Von Uhde, and, really, when I have said this, I have said all that need be said. Klinger stays away, and so does Arnold Böcklin, who, by now, seems less Swiss than German. There is no sign of the Munich Secession, and, as in the other sections, no effort to introduce new men. Altogether, the decorations, despite their splendor, cannot conceal the poverty of the work for which they are the background.

It is the same in the Austrian section, though here the arrangement, while as charming, is far simpler; in color, a cool gray that is very pleasant and restful to the eye. But if there is no heaviness, no exaggerated gorgeousness, the detail in the frieze, in the hangings, in the general scheme, has a touch of the peculiar affectation of ornament that has gone forth from England, chiefly by way of the studio, all over Europe. I shall never forget the house of an aspiring Belgian to which I went last summer, where the paper on the walls, the carpets, the chairs, the tables, the pictures, the brasses—everything was modelled apparently upon the English "Arts and Crafts-men," with, as result, an aggressiveness, a jumpiness, a jumble of ornament that made one long for the restraint and severity of the old mahogany and horsehair period. There is nothing of this kind in the Austrian rooms, but only the tendency, the warning of what might happen were the accepted schemes carried a little further. On the cool gray walls, the pictures are hung with the utmost taste, well spaced, and never crowded. But there is not one you can feel any particular desire to look at a second time. A room is reserved for Hungary; and the Hungarians, with that eagerness which outrivals the Americans to do everything on the biggest scale on earth,

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have striven to get as many canvases as possible in the given space, and these cover the wall in a solid mass from floor to ceiling. Nor have the artists neglected any of the fads or fashions of the day. Their pictures are impressionistic, religious, mystic, symbolical—all the many other things that pictures have been at the Salon for the last decade; while it is amusing to find, in the corner set apart for Croatia and Slavonia, a perfect outburst of sunlight and symbols. In a word, I discovered nothing in the Austro-Hungarian section that seemed in the least individual, or personal, or even interesting, except the watercolors of Ferdinand Andri—strong, vivid studies of peasants that reveal some originality of observation as well as very good drawing.

Great Britain, on the other hand, has been as indifferent to the appearance of its galleries as to the quality of the pictures that fill them. You might think the object had been, after showing in the English pavilion the masterpieces that British painters—Hogarth, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Raeburn, Turner, Constable—once produced, to astonish Paris by the spectacle of a Royal Academy of to-day on the banks of the Seine. "A collection of Academicians and mediocrities," English critics themselves have been describing the work sent to represent British art; and the hanging is as unintelligent, as crowded, as atrocious in every respect as at Burlington House. The fact is, most of the members of the Committee in charge were Academicians or dealers, or admirers and patrons of the Academy, to whom British art—official art—means the Academy and nothing else. But it is not necessary to point out now—I have pointed it out often enough before—how much else there is in Great Britain besides the Academy. The Glasgow School, for instance, started a very distinct movement, and what is there from Glasgow? A couple of portraits by Mr. Lavery, one very badly hung, a picture by Mr. Walton, skied—it occupied a place of honor at the Knightsbridge show a year ago—and that really is about all. Nor is the existence of the New English Art Club recognized; there is no suggestion of this little group who were among the first to turn to France for their inspiration and standard. Nor is space made for several independent landscape-painters who might be leaders of a school were not their own originality so obviously borrowed from France. Mr. Edward Stott is here and well hung, but Mr. Priestman and Mr. Hill are banished to the ceiling, and the others are absent. It is enough to say that, of all the notable outsiders, Mr. C. H. Shannon alone appears, and he, unexpectedly, is on the line, where his portrait of himself, despite its old-masterly affectation and the clumsiness of drawing that so far has marred all his work, asserts itself with that distinction which the Committee evidently tried hard to exclude. It is easy to understand, when you look round these rooms, so amateurish and childlike compared to the other sections, why the English, amazed at the manifestation of their own shortcomings, are indignant that two of their Academicians who might have joined with Mr. Watts and Mr. Orchardson to help things a little—Sargent and Abbey—should prefer to show with the Americans.

In a few other sections interest centres upon one or two men. In the Italian, where the space, so limited with the Americans, is far in excess of the exhibitors' needs, Boldini and Segantini overshadow everybody else. I have spoken already of Boldini. His pictures hang together, so that their effect is strengthened. Besides the "Whistler" there are two portraits of women and one of Comte Montesquiou, the latter already seen in the Salon. His people live on his canvas; you feel the nervous joy of the painter, his excitement in his own creations, and, if you happen to know one of his sitters, you recognize the truth with which he always renders every characteristic of feature or pose. In fact, in his portraits of women, truth borders upon caricature; what he intends for elegance in a great lady at times comes very near degenerating into meretriciousness. But that does not detract from the fluency of his painting, his unusual power of observation, his technical accomplishment, his entirely personal standpoint. The drawback to his work is a certain effect of thinness, of over-freshness; his painting seems to need long years to tone and mellow it. But, when those years have passed, I imagine his pictures will stand comparison with the old masters better than even his admirers now believe. Segantini is a painter of as decided a personality, and his pictures, too, have been grouped together. There is a series of three large Alpine landscapes upon which he was at work just before his death, unrivalled in their realization of the clear atmosphere, the hard glitter, the dazzling snow peaks, the sharp outlines of the Alps, and in their grandeur of composition. They are not finished; in one the clouds are still heavy white lumps of paint, and you are therefore too conscious of that curious technique which he developed for himself. As a rule, a painter's methods broaden with years and his accumulation of knowledge and experience. But it was just the other way with Segantini. There is one of his early pictures here, put in boldly and with the greatest breadth. But in these last landscapes the canvas is covered with a minute mosaic of color that makes you marvel the more that, with such technical mannerisms, he could express so much dignity, such a feeling of bigness in his mountains and pastures.

The Spaniards, in their work, show the same desire for sensation on a large scale, and, in a measure, the same skill you find in the Salon. It is evident that most of the exhibitors have studied in Paris. Pinazo Martinez does try, but with indifferent success, to reproduce the types and sunlight of Spain. Sorolla y Bastida, who has carried off a gold medal, succeeds much better; his canvases have decided vigor, but they are nothing more than able Salon *machines*. And what else is there? Madrazo grows vulgar with years. Fabrés, in a colossal composition, seems, to his own misfortune, to invite comparison with Velasquez; Paredes and Salinas do their best to continue the subject and manner of Casanova; Garcia y Ramos paints anecdotes with the assiduity of, though with more ability than, the British Royal Academician; Checa is sensationalism itself; and there remain but the watercolors and drawings by Vierge, all well known, that are worthy of the great traditions of the country. In Portugal, again, you discover chiefly echoes of Paris and the Salon, except for the portraits of Columbano, who has studied Velasquez and Whistler, and whose work is, at least, a tribute to his taste in preferring great masters to clever leaders of passing movements.

If Spain is Vierge, Switzerland is Schwabe. Here and there are artists who deliberately set to work to develop whatever they think characteristic of their country, for never before was nationality accepted as such a responsibility. Perhaps it is Hodler who carries the mediæval spirit the furthest, striving almost too hard to infuse into it the new life of a vigorous personality. There is Roederstein, whose portraits are a tribute to Holbein, and are more striking here than in the Salon. But, otherwise, everywhere is the influence of the Paris studios and schools. Take Amiet as a typical example; he, like the American, has been painting snow, but, instead of rendering it as he sees it in Swiss valleys and on Swiss mountains, his one idea, apparently, is a decorative arrangement that will suggest vaguely many things he, last of all, would be able to define. Even Schwabe, whose personality is distinct enough to dominate any borrowed elements in his designs, has found part of his mystical inspiration in the problems and subjects that have been engrossing the Parisian for the last ten years.

It is another matter in the Scandinavian countries, where individuality in the artist and fidelity to the national spirit in his work are the battle-cry. The banner of freedom of Ibsen's young man has been waved in art as in literature. But the Scandinavian painters long since took the world by storm by their vigor, amounting almost to brutality, their nationality, flung down by the brush as a gauntlet, their love of strong color and bewildering sunlight. But of late they have added little to the message already brought. For all the efforts at a renaissance of the younger men, for all the violence of Willumsen, Christiansen, and the others, it is Kroyer who still towers by his rendering of character, as in the portrait of "Edward and Nina Grieg," by his force and energy and knowledge, as in that admirable portrait group, the "Séance de l'Académie Royale des Sciences," though Skovgaard is amusing and as Danish as well can be in his versions of old legends; and Hammershöff, in the gray interiors that are dull in themselves but delightfully painted; and Nielson, in his comparatively quiet portraits, and, above all, Tûxen, in a sketch for the picture of the Coronation of Nicholas II., brilliant, suggestive, rich in color. In Sweden, where methods are less exaggerated, it is Zorn who towers with his powerful portrait of the King. In Norway, Thaulow, whose landscapes hold their own in an International Exhibition in Paris as in London. Werenskiold also stands out conspicuously; he has a portrait of Ibsen, whom so many other Norwegians have painted, a harmony in gray, and a study in character that lives in one's memory after far more pretentious canvases have been forgotten for ever. And here, as in the American section, there are numerous studies of snow, unmistakably truthful, but, unlike the American, with none of the more important pictorial qualities. The impression you carry away from these rooms is of a people too engrossed with truth to remember that there is such a thing as beauty: one reason, perhaps, why their painters, like their poets and dramatists,

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have failed to reach the highest distinction of all.

Force, in which a primeval brutality still lingers, also marks the Russian section. It is the more difficult to give names because much of the work is not familiar to me, and much of it was not numbered when I was in Paris, though I have no doubt this has been attended to since. But I remember only too vividly my sensation almost of dismay before the mistaken energy displayed in some of the canvases—especially before one in which four coarse, heavy women, presumably peasants, in flaming red, were on the point, it seemed to me, of flinging themselves straight out of the coarse green landscape which, by all the rules of the game, should have contained them well within itself. But in the portraits by Serov, as yet a trifle barbaric, this brutality is gradually being tamed; among them was a lady in yellow, sitting on a couch, that Sargent would not be ashamed to own. It was interesting also to see an attempt to revive the gorgeous old church decorations in pictures of saints against splendid backgrounds of gold, while in the Finnish group the preoccupation of Gallen with the 'Kalevala' and national legend and Jaernefelt with the national landscape lifts their work to a very different plane; both are far more original than Edelfelt, who is so much better known in Paris. There may be nothing of supreme merit, but there is much that bears promise for the future.

In countries like Belgium and Holland you return to the strongholds of tradition. Whatever primitiveness there may be is wholly a revival. In Holland all the men who have become famous as the Dutch Romanticists have their place; except Matthew Maris, who, in his mysticism, has of late years become too reserved to show anywhere. I have often before remarked that not even in Holland do the Dutchmen appear to such advantage as occasionally in the smaller galleries of London, and I think some previous knowledge of them would be necessary to appreciate their true rank among the exhibitors in Paris. Israels, James and William Maris, Mesdag, Bosboom, Ter Meulen, are all here, and the younger artists, Breitner, Witsen, De Bock, Thérèse Schwartz; but, solid and sober and learned as their work is, it does not make the impression that might have been expected. Belgium does better, though Belgium, nowadays, is a safe harbor for every passing fad and fashion. A national movement, as in Scandinavia and Russia, does not exist. The good work—and the average is unquestionably good—bears the hallmark of Paris: The mysticism, or symbolism, that may have gone to Paris by way of Félicien Rops, who is very poorly represented, has come back to find exponents in Fernand Khnopff and Léon Frédéric. Impressionism has few more devoted disciples than Émile Claus, and so it would be easy to go through the list. Even Evenepoel, with his hard, but sincere and genuine portraits, savors of Paris; and also Struys and Delannois, though they may select essentially Belgian subjects. The greatest modern master Belgium can boast, Alfred Stevens, has few followers, though a fine series of his pictures explains once more how much is to be learned from him, how distinguished a place he holds among the painters whose nationality is the merest accident.

There are other sections—Bulgaria, Servia, Rumania—that have rooms and alcoves apart. A gallery, classed as Section Internationale, is a reminder that Turks and Armenians are hard at work. And, most melancholy spectacle of all, Japan competes directly with the western nations in the Grand Palais des Beaux-Arts. The Japanese trained in European schools is commonplace itself; in his landscapes, his portraits, his studies of the nude, he manages to repeat only the most tedious trivialities and weaknesses of the artists whom he does not understand. It is altogether a pitiful display of feebleness, and the worst of it is, that so vitiated has he become by western methods, he covers the walls of one room, from floor to ceiling, with the kakemonos, which, at home, he respects too much ever to show more than one or two at a time. There are also colonial displays in odd buildings, which, I confess, I made no effort to see, discouraged by one forlorn little picture from Cuba hidden away in the United States rooms. But I saw enough to convince me that, in the last ten years, no new masters have appeared; that, except in the United States, originality is rare; and that, however strong may be national movements in choice of subjects and motives, the technical inspiration of the world still comes from Paris.

N. N.

Correspondence.

PRACTICAL POLITICS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your comments on the "Reasons for a Third Ticket" will be read with great interest, as you have stated the matter in its most plausible form. Yet you seem to lose sight of the fact that the moment is unique and exceptional. At other Presidential elections we have deemed it highly important to express ourselves upon questions of tariff or finance. We have had faith to believe that if any of these questions were decided wrong, the decision would be reversed. Now we are to pass upon a question which may affect the policy of this nation for a century, perhaps a thousand years; whose decision may influence subtly but profoundly the aspirations of mankind. To be critical, at such a moment, even to hesitate, seems almost trivial. A man does not discuss a question of domestic discipline when his house is on fire.

The independent voter is a believer in practical politics; he seeks by his vote and influence the best attainable, even if it is not ideally the best. For the coming election, if he is an Anti-Imperialist, he adopts the words of Mr. Boutwell: "The party must be overthrown." To that end all other matters must, for the time, be subordinated. It is quite probable, as you suggest, that some political party or some individual may profit by the exigency. That has often happened, and the superficial observer has often misinterpreted it. For example, Mr. McKinley believed that the overwhelming majorities of 1896 showed an unmistakable reaction in favor of a high tariff!

Undoubtedly, as you intimate, it would be very impressive if all who disapprove of both political parties could be counted by themselves, but the vast majority of such voters dislike, even under ordinary circumstances, to appear neutral upon important issues. Furthermore, to vote one of the party tickets does not indicate any danger of an extinction of the spirit of independence. It may even be claimed that a higher degree of independence was required of a man who voted for McKinley in 1896 than of one who voted the third ticket. It emphasizes the rebuke which we administer to an existing policy that we do not insist on an ideal opposition party or an ideal candidate.

In a word, the independent in the fateful battle that is being fought is going to take sides. The issues are so important, especially from the standpoint of the Anti-Imperialist, that he cannot answer to his own conscience by remaining neutral. He grants that there is need of a new party, but he denies that the moment is opportune. Such a movement may have his cordial support after the election, but not before. He sees a paramount issue, not made such by the wording of any political platform, but by the trend of events. A third party never had so little excuse for existence; and if set in motion, it is almost certain that the number of its adherents at the polls will show that the independent has been too much interested in one issue which is transcendent, to give attention to others which can wait.

Frank W. Lewis.

Boston, July 31, 1900.

[Long experience has made us very familiar with the argument from inopportuneness. In all perplexing Presidential campaigns, subscribers and readers who have gone with us in preaching the doctrine of independence, have reproached us with not taking sides as election day drew near. We were at the same time assured of their "cordial support after the election."—Ed. Nation.]

WHAT BRYAN HAS DONE AND MAY DO.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: From the letter enclosed, it appears that Secretary Gage is of opinion that Congress, in its last financial bill, did not provide for the redemption of the silver dollar, as it has done for fractional currency. *Quære:* Is it now in the power of the President, without violating law, to place the country on a silver basis?

My recollection is that Mr. Carlisle, when Secretary of the Treasury, wrote a letter in which he stated that the silver dollar was redeemable in gold at the Treasury. If Mr. Gage is right, it seems to me that the monetary standard of the country is still in a precarious condition, and can be shifted by the will of the President. If enough silver dollars should be put in circulation to pay customs duties and internal revenue taxes, there would be no gold in the Treasury with which to pay the public debt, and we must sink to the silver standard. One of the arguments urged in favor of Bryan is that his election could do no harm to our financial credit, because the gold standard has been established by law, and that he would be powerless until the political complexion of the Senate is changed. But it seems to be still a matter largely of executive discretion, as it

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was during Mr. Cleveland's Administration, whether we shall stay on the gold basis or drop to a silver basis. In order to get rid of the Philippine trouble, ought we to take the free-silver nostrum? Is not the remedy worse than the disease? The descent to the shades of Avernus is easy—*Sed revocare gradum; . . . Hoc opus, hic labor, est.*

It is certainly a poor recommendation of a candidate to say of him that he can't do any harm, although he wants to do it. I have read in the *Nation* the Socratic dialogue in which Senator Hoar is represented as making no distinction between the virtue of one who is a principal in a crime and one who is passive and looks on, but does nothing to defeat it; and Socrates condemns McKinley for negotiating the Spanish treaty, and excuses Bryan for not exerting his influence to prevent its ratification. But in the immortal dialogue in which he confutes the sophist, Socrates holds men not only responsible for the evils they do, but for those they do not use their power to prevent being done. If he had been guided by the maxim that it is wise to be silent when it is dangerous to speak, he would not have died a martyr to Truth. Plato could not have recorded his speech to the judges who condemned him, and men would not weep over the page of the 'Phædo' that tells of the scene at sunset in the dungeon,

"When, Athens! here thy Wisest looked his last."

But Bryan was active in securing the adoption of the treaty that expanded us. He advised its ratification without amendment. If a crime was committed, Bryan is an accessory before the fact. In his great argument on the trial of Knapp for murder, Mr. Webster demonstrated that one who stood by and kept watch was equally guilty, as an accessory, with the one who struck the blow. So far as their record in Congress is concerned, parties are *in pari delicto* on the Philippine question. Senators who took Bryan's advice and voted to ratify and expand, are still the trusted leaders of the Democratic party.

The treaty was not to become effective until Spain received the twenty-million purchase money. Every Democrat in Congress, I believe, voted for the appropriation. It would have been no breach of public faith to have refused it. Spain would then have kept the islands. A man who voted the money to buy these islands and relieve Spain of the burden of governing them, is now estopped from complaining of Expansion. Then Democrats, equally with Republicans, have supported the Administration by voting money and men to carry on the war in the Philippines. It is at least a hopeful sign that the Philadelphia Convention evaded the issue of permanently holding them by declaring that "we are in favor of the largest measure of self-government for the Philippines consistent with their welfare and our duty." Every man opposed to incorporating Asiatic possessions into our political system can endorse that declaration. Logically, it means our abandonment of the Philippines. JNO. S. MOSBY.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 25, 1900.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, March 26, 1900.

DEAR SIR: I am in receipt of your letter of the 19th inst., in which you say you enclose a clipping from one of the San Francisco papers. The clipping referred to was not found with your letter.

You say you do not understand why the Government is able to maintain the silver dollar on a parity with gold, unless it is redeemable in gold just as the greenback is.

Perhaps the controlling reason why the Government is able to maintain the silver dollar at a parity with gold is that a wide avenue for its use was provided when the silver dollar was made receivable for public dues. Being good for 100 cents in payment of customs and internal-revenue taxes, just as the gold dollar is, there was established a sort of indirect redemption in gold (or its equivalent, customs dues or taxes) where the number of silver dollars is limited. Collections from customs and internal revenue exceed $500,000,000 a year. The Government having given its pledge that these silver dollars will be received for public dues, it is therefore in the power of the holder to obtain the equivalent of gold, substantially, by paying such silver dollars for taxes.

Respectfully yours,
L. J. GAGE, Secretary.

Mr. John S. Mosby, San Francisco, Cal.

[Neither the new currency law (March 14, 1900), nor any other law, makes the silver dollar redeemable in gold. Our recollection is that Secretary Carlisle, in response to an inquiry, said that he would redeem silver dollars in gold if it became necessary in order to maintain parity between the two. This he would have been justified in doing under the clause of the Sherman Act (July 14, 1890), which declares it to be "the established policy of the United States to maintain the two metals on a parity with each other on the present legal ratio." In other words, a Secretary friendly to the gold standard would find means under existing laws to keep the silver dollars at par, while an unfriendly one might not. It does not follow that the unfriendly one could upset the gold standard by paying out silver dollars in large quantities. Large quantities are not generally within his reach. Nearly all are absorbed in the circulation of the country, and, as Secretary Gage shows, any quantity that the Treasury would be able to pay out under prosperous conditions of trade and industry, could be turned over to the Government at par in payment of duties and taxes. Of course, the conditions of trade and industry are liable to change. It is conceivable that bad times may come, and with them shrinkage in the demand for silver dollars and silver certificates, so that the receipts of the Treasury shall be composed exclusively of them. In such an event the silver standard would establish itself, unless the Secretary should take positive steps to avert it. —ED. NATION.]

INTRINSICATE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My reply to "C. A. H." is, that I showed, in my short letter, all that I undertook to show, namely, the occurrence of *intrinsicate*, and bearing a signification not warranted by the Italian *intrinsicato*, in a writer earlier than any of the Elizabethan dramatists by whom, so far as is at present known, it was mentioned or adopted. Of Italianisms and other foreignisms which, whether midwifed dead or destined to live, were, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, candidates for introduction into our language, I have amassed a large collection, perhaps some day to be published.

F. H.

July 24, 1900.

Notes.

Among the fall publications of G. P. Putnam's Sons will be a uniform edition of George Borrow's works, edited and annotated in part by Prof. W. I. Knapp, Borrow's biographer; and a novel, 'Ned Myers; or, A Life Before the Mast,' discarded from the revised edition of Fenimore Cooper's works in 1859.

McClure, Phillips & Co. have in preparation an authorized translation of Leroy-Beaulieu's 'Rénovation de l'Asie,' recently reviewed in these columns, with an introduction by Henry Norman; 'The Archbishop and the Lady,' a story by Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield; and 'Yankee Enchantments,' by Charles Battell Loomis.

A writer of no little promise, Miss Josephine Preston Peabody, will issue a second volume of verse, 'Fortune and Men's Eyes: New Poems, with a Play,' through Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

The Proceedings of the remarkable Conference in May last, at Montgomery, Ala., of the Southern Society for the Promotion of the Study of Race Conditions and Problems in the South are to be published on August 15 by the B. F. Johnson Publishing Company, Richmond, Va. The price will be one dollar before publication, and $1.50 afterwards. The publication of these discussions at the South itself is a hopeful sign of the times, along with the very existence of the Society. While much that was reactionary found expression, much also of the talk was what would have been called "incendiary"—*i. e.*, humane—"when we lived under the King [Cotton]."

The persistently anonymous author of 'Elizabeth and her German Garden' pays her American admirers the compliment of a "new edition with additions"—something like a quarter in bulk (Macmillan). The humor, the style, the picture of foreign manners, the impressions of nature (there is a passage on page 118 that one might expect to meet in Turgeneff), will long attract readers to this slight but charming production. The August *Critic* identifies "Elizabeth" with Princess Henry of Plesse (Miss Cornwallis West), and gives a portrait of her.

Mr. Gollancz's little "Temple Classics" (Dent-Macmillan) proceed with 'Tully's Offices Turned out of Latin into English by Roger L'Estrange,' the editor following in the main the first edition of 1680. The translator's preface is no small part of the worth of this little volume. His protest or scruple against the use of literary masterpieces as text-books for parsing and construing has not ceased to be repeated by the wise for more than two centuries. Meanwhile, teachers have failed to profit by his advice to drench their pupils with (in this case) the 'Offices' in English before "the scholar be put to hack and puzzle upon them by snaps in the original." The student's small loss of interest as explorer would be more than offset by the general view and comprehension

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which the daily task without such preparation seldom gives.

In March last we extended a welcome to the first of the four volumes of the 'Cyclopædia of American Horticulture,' by Prof. L. H. Bailey and his assistant, Wilhelm Miller (Macmillan). The second is now issued, embracing the letters E—M. The large number of pen-drawn illustrations in the text are supplemented by a few striking photographic plates of full size, including a frontispiece group of portraits of prominent American horticulturists. The pen-drawing of the late Asa Gray which accompanies the article upon him is much inferior to the foregoing group. Plate xiv. shows Washington's garden at Mount Vernon as it looks to-day. The rude sketch-maps of States show more or less broadly the chief horticultural areas; in Massachusetts, the Cape Cod cranberry belt lies over against the strawberry region; apples are at the opposite extremity, in Berkshire, and again in Worcester and Middlesex Counties.

'The Memoirs of the Baroness Cécile de Courtot,' translated from the German by Jessie Haynes (Henry Holt & Co.), are not published in the form of an original autobiography, but have been compiled from letters and a diary by Moritz von Kaisenberg, the great-grandson of the lady to whom the letters in question were addressed. The Baroness de Courtot, a lady-in-waiting to the Princess de Lamballe, survived the Terror and lived into the period of the Consulate. Her letters to Frau von Alvensleben, which form the chief material for this volume, were written from Paris between 1800 and 1803. Her sufferings during the days of the Convention are, indeed, told, but in the words of Frau von Alvensleben's diary. The most important part of the record, which is personal rather than political, begins shortly after the *coup d'état* of Brumaire, and deals with Parisian society in the time when the First Consul and Mme. Bonaparte were engaged in conciliating the good will of all groups, cliques, and parties. The Baroness de Courtot received invitations to Malmaison, and saw enough of fashionable life to furnish her with several subjects for character sketches. The most romantic part of the book, however, is the story of her engagement to the Vicomte Hector de Trellissac in the early part of the Revolution, his astounding success in rescuing her from the guillotine, their separation until after the return from Egypt, and final marriage. Altogether these memoirs must be held to rank well in the department of minor biography. The translation seems a good one, but the proofreader has been too careless.

A Norwegian writer, Clara Tschudi, who has already published biographies of Marie Antoinette and the Empress Eugénie, adds a volume, 'Napoleon's Mother' (Dutton), to the vast bulk of Napoleonic literature. The English translation is by E. M. Cape. A good contemporary account of Letitia Bonaparte was written by the eminent army surgeon, Jean Dominique Larrey, but latterly she has found little favor with writers and editors of memoirs. She is usually credited with colossal greed and an unpleasant partiality towards certain members of her family. In the present sketch these hard lines of character are a good deal softened by the emphasis which is placed upon Letitia's self-control, in prosperity and misfortune alike. Certainly no wild animal ever looked after its young more carefully than she watched over her children during the struggles of their infancy and early days. The strength of her affection for her younger half-brother, Cardinal Fesch, is also a point in her favor. The most interesting part of her life is that which lies before the establishment of the Consulate. She never trusted in the permanence of Napoleon's political fabric. Miss Tschudi has collected considerable information regarding the period of poverty and hardship, which will appeal to readers of biography no less than to students of history. There are so few women in modern times to whom the title, "Mater Regum," can be applied, that a well-prepared sketch of Letitia Bonaparte will hardly fail to secure its audience.

Every one familiar with the late Edward L. Pierce's Memoir of Charles Sumner, in four large volumes, will understand how natural and proper was the remark he is said to have made when he first heard of the intention to include a biography of Sumner in the American Statesmen Series: "All the facts will be found in my work." There was, in truth, no chance for Mr. Moorfield Storey to display originality in research in his 'Charles Sumner' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), but there was a rare opportunity to rearrange the topics and the colors and to analyze Sumner's impressive character. The opportunity has been improved to a considerable degree, but the main effort seems to have been to condense into a little more than four hundred pages a record of a busy public career covering about a quarter of a century. While Mr. Storey has relied almost entirely upon Pierce's investigations, it is nothing less than amazing that he has not even mentioned either Pierce's name or his generous literary monument to Sumner. The book lacks vivacity and a literary touch, such as are apparent in every chapter of Mr. Morse's biographies, however much he leans upon others for his facts. Mr. Storey gives us a good summary, a well-proportioned brief.

'Muscle, Brain, and Diet: A Plea for Simpler Foods,' by Eustace H. Miles (Macmillan Co.), is a record of the personal experience of a brain and muscle worker, not a physician, who comes to the conclusion that for himself, at least, meat and stimulants are harmful and not healthful. It is conscientiously written and contains suggestions of value. To some persons the suggestions of a private individual carry a kind of conviction which the writings of the trained scientific observer do not inspire; to us, however, it appears that the handling of such a subject is attended with so many difficulties that the very best training is none too good for it, and we cannot admit that the author demonstrates his right to speak with authority.

The "Captivi" is far the best of the comedies of Plautus for undergraduate classes, and the Allyn & Bacon College Latin Series is sensibly strengthened by Prof. Elmer's edition, which has just appeared. Prof. Elmer is very conservative in his treatment of the text, and makes a plausible plea for the manuscript readings in many cases where previous editors have thought it necessary to emend. We cannot see, however, that this laudable conservatism made necessary the relegation of his own textual criticism to a special appendix, and the use of this special appendix for the citations of authorities for statements made in the main commentary is unfortunate. A considerable amount of repetition is apparent in the notes, perhaps justifiable in most cases from the pedagogical point of view, but it was hardly necessary to state in three separate places that Plautus frequently seasons his Greek materials with Roman allusions, Terence only rarely. The reference in the Introduction to Hrotswitha of Gandersheim as an "imitator of Terence" perpetuates a tradition which would not last long if some one would try to point out the evidences of imitation. The associates of Hrotswitha read Terence to their moral detriment, as it seemed to her, and she tried, with Christian materials, to write poems which would take the place of the pagan comedies. As one might expect from Prof. Elmer, the use of the subjunctive in Plautus receives minute attention. He naturally insists on his own views, which are well known to Latinists through the *American Journal of Philology* and other publications, but the student is allowed to know, through references to Bennett and others, that these views are not universally accepted by competent philologists. Of the work as a whole one may fairly speak in terms of high commendation.

We have received from Henry Frowde three catalogues of the exhibits of the Oxford University Press at the Paris Exposition, the first being of the Educational. Those of Paper and Binding are noticeable for very attractive photographic illustrations, first, of the University paper-mill at neighboring Wolvercote, which the antiquarian Hearne notes in operation in 1728 by John Beckford, "famous for making paper." Here is made that wonderful Oxford India paper which effects such incredible saving in bulk and weight as is demonstrated by several object-lessons, with the aid of the camera. "Yapp bindings" are the specialty of this press, and are shown in many beautiful examples. No. 172 in the catalogue is the poetical works of Whittier, and the "unique design" represented is as elegant as it is un-Quakerlike.

The twelfth volume of Mr. Charles F. Lummis's *Land of Sunshine* published in Los Angeles, Cal., combines the issues from December, 1899, to May, 1900, inclusive. The contents show a steady evenness of worth and interest, and the illustrations cover a wide range. Among the portraits are to be remarked the fine head of Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor, the competent translator of Hérédia's verse; William Keith, the landscape painter *par excellence* of the Pacific Coast; E. A. Burbank, whose gift of Indian portraiture, as evidenced here, old Catlin would have been the first to recognize, and receives here the praise of so high an authority as Mr. Lummis. Other more familiar faces are those of Edwin Markham, President Wheeler, who writes of his University of California, and the late Elliott Coues, shown also in a group with George Parker Winship and others. Mr. Winship contributes an article on the discovery of the Colorado. Mr. Lummis characterizes in his racy manner Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson and other representatives of Western letters, and in many departments plies his fluent and unresting pen. Pursuing his "fixed policy," which is to make his magazine "entertaining, if possible, but valuable anyhow," he concludes his translation of Fray Zárate-Salmeron's *Relación* concerning New Mexico and California, 1538-1626, and publishes entire a version of Fray Silvestre

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Velez de Escalante's story of the Pueblo Rebellion of 1680. Joaquin Miller's lines on Oom Paul's birthday, and the capitally illustrated papers on Southern California birds, by no means exhaust the rich store of this volume.

It seems like a myth to read that there are nearly three hundred women quietly studying at the University of Berlin. This is certainly the beginning of the end, and the few colleges of the Eastern seaboard of the United States which still hold out against the pressure of the times will surely not be able to do so long. Clark University, with the large new endowment which will without doubt be secured to it by the liberality of the people of Worcester, will enter upon a brilliant career free from middle-age anachronisms, and Princeton and the Johns Hopkins will then stand in an unenviable isolation which they will surely hasten to bring to an end. No one can make head against the feeling of his age when he is without any well-grounded reason for his idiosyncrasy.

The seventh International Congress of Navigation was held at Brussels in July, 1898, and the report of Elmer L. Corthell, delegate of the United States, has recently been published as a Congressional document. It describes the organization of the Congress, the first at which both inland and maritime navigation was discussed, and gives abstracts of the reports presented. The first of these are on canalized rivers, and treat of questions relating to the raising of existing weirs, the consolidation of weir foundations, the utilization of the fall of water at weirs as a motive force, and the resistance to the movement of boats. Problems concerning modes of mechanical traction, single-lock gates, means of securing the impermeability of the bottom and sides of a canal, and the mechanical raising from reach to reach of the water supplying a canal are discussed in connection with the general subject of inland canals. In a third group of papers on tidal rivers and ship-canals, are described formulæ of the characteristics of a tidal river, modes of estimating the cube of tidal volumes, means of consolidation of ship-canal banks, and dredging. Finally, questions in regard to seaports, warehouses, free ports, and single-lock gates, maritime tolls and the unification of the gauging system of inland boats are considered. One hundred and fifteen folded plates accompany this volume.

—*Harper's*, like *Scribner's*, is a "Fiction Number"—to some an invitation, to others a warning. George Bird Grinnell, in "The Punishment of the Stingy" (illustrated by E. W. Deming), begins a series of Indian legends. Mrs. Humphry Ward, in "Eleanor" (illustrated by Albert E. Sterner), keeps alive the tradition of the English novel. In "English and American Elections" (illustrated by Clifford Carleton) Sydney Brooks goes over ground often covered before, but adds something of his own. He points out that the English Parliamentary candidate stands in an altogether different position from the American Congressional candidate, because he comes frankly before the whole constituency, and asks for their suffrages, while his American congener is put forward and "run" by a party machine, such as barely yet exists in England. The latter, if a Republican, appears only before audiences presumably Republican, if a Democrat before audiences presumably Democratic; the former solicits the votes of friends and enemies, appearing before audiences of a heterogeneous character. Hence the audiences of one are almost invariably sympathetic, and critics and persons who come to interrupt are immediately turned out by the police, while in England an important part of a canvass is the interruption, questioning, and "heckling" of a candidate by members of his audience. But this is connected also, in Mr. Brooks's opinion, with class distinctions. "A certain class feeling is often at the bottom of such heckling and interruptions as occur." This is the one opportunity of the voter to reverse the ordinary relation between himself and the candidate. To the latter, every other day in the year, he doffs his cap. On this occasion, it is he who is the master; his superior is a suppliant for his favor. It is not in human nature not to make the most of the occasion. Besides, this "heckling" illustrates what Englishmen call the national "doggedness," though "others might find a different word." "Americans are said to be an unreverential people, but they dearly worship a majority. In a company of six people you have only to show an American that five are against him to convince him that he is wrong." This is just when an Englishman "becomes finally certain he is the only sane person in the room." The "heckler" gets part of his satisfaction from generally being in the minority. Mr. Brooks instances a candidate, now a member of Lord Salisbury's Government, who was unfortunate enough to mention the year 1792. A member of the audience at once insisted on knowing who was king or queen at that time. The speaker, obviously uncertain as to whether it was George III. or George IV., refused to answer. The inquirer insisted upon his right to be answered, and announced his intention to "stand there" till it was "time to vote." The meeting was for five minutes in an uproar, and in this case the police had to be called in. The remarks of Mr. Brooks, who has lived in the United States for three years, on some of our peculiar electioneering devices are well worth reading.

—In the *Geographical Journal* for July the British Resident of Baram, Sarawak, Mr. Charles Hose, describes a journey into a hitherto unexplored part of his district for the purpose of bringing peace to communities whose normal condition was one of mutual hostility. Graphic are his accounts of the scenery of "the heart of Borneo," the mode of travelling, the customs of a race in its natural state, not yet vulgarized by contact with western civilization, and especially of the ceremonies at the conclusion of peace between two powerful tribes. At the feast which followed this there were "some very good speeches made, their former troubles and differences being explained and discussed in the most open manner. Each chief spoke in turn, and concluded by offering a drink to another, and singing a few lines of eulogy—the whole assembly joining in a very impressive chorus at the end of each line, and ending up with a tremendous roar as the bamboo cup was emptied." The next day the Madangs paid their first tribute, two dollars' worth of rubber per family, which was counted as follows: "Some one mentions the names of the heads of the families in each house, and, as he does so, a man tells each name off on his toes; when five have been counted, another man catches hold of the counted foot, and so on until his feet and hands have all been told off, when another man is used, and this continues until all the names are mentioned, when they halt to see how many men have been used, and where the last one ended. The people whose business it is to hold the feet and hands, cling on to them in the most determined manner until the total number has been checked; and as all concerned take the matter most seriously, it is rather a comical sight when they have to count forty or fifty." The great value of the paper, however, and of the debate which followed its reading before the Society, lies in its testimony to the success of Sir James Brooke's system of government for Sarawak, founded on the principle of aiming "at the development of native countries through native agency." It did not take the various races long to discover "that the main object of the State's solicitude was, not the commercial exploitation of the country or the amassing of colossal revenues, but the preservation and well-being of the people themselves."

—Professor Haddon of the Cambridge Anthropological expedition, who visited Borneo last year, says that Mr. Hose with an assistant, the only white men in Baram, and a police force of twenty or thirty Dayak fortmen, govern a district 10,000 square miles in extent. The only things which are put down are murder and head-hunting and theft. When any of the interior tribes do a little head-hunting, he immediately starts for the place, and "when he reaches the people he simply talks to them. They usually give themselves up or pay their fines—$400 to $500 for a life taken." So great is his influence that "the people who in the past were inclined to give the greatest trouble, are at the present day the stanchest upholders of the Government," and tribes in the neighboring kingdom of Brunei and in Dutch Borneo, seeing how the people of Baram can live in peace and safety, are asking to be put under the administration of Mr. Hose. Another method by which he reaches his people is by having promising young men stay with him in his house for weeks at a time, and in this way they learn what a white man is like. "Thus Mr. Hose's residence is a sort of university, whither the pupils come from all parts of his district to learn a little as to the meaning of government." Dr. B. Sharpe of the British Museum bore testimony to Mr. Hose's efforts to advance science, shown also by the admirable map which accompanies the paper. Not only "he has crowded into our museum enormous series of mammals, birds, insects, shells, and every kind of animal, . . . but there is not a leading museum in the whole world that has not received collections from this indefatigable young man." It may be added that the value of the total trade of the country has increased from four millions to a little over nine millions of dollars since 1888, while the revenue in 1898 was $638,188, with a surplus over expenditures of $94,682.

—The international anti-slavery congress held this week in Paris is the occasion of an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for July 1, by M. G. Bonet-Maury, on the part which France has taken in the anti-slavery "crusade" of the past century. He

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justly claims for her the honor of having been the first to hear and answer the cry of the slave for freedom by the decree of the Convention in 1794 (revoked under Bonaparte) abolishing slavery in the colonies, and giving to all residents, without distinction of color, the rights of citizenship. But he is singularly forgetful of Wilberforce when, referring to a speech of Duke Victor de Broglie in 1822, he asserts that he "was the first who, in a European Parliament, raised his voice in behalf of the slaves." Wilberforce's first speech for the abolition of the slave trade was contemporaneous with the outbreak of the French Revolution. During the monarchy there were many more or less successful efforts made to put an end to the slave trade, to ameliorate the condition of the blacks, and to prepare the way for their emancipation, which was finally decreed by the republican Government of 1848 under the initiative of Victor Schœlcher. From that time the anti-slavery movement in Europe has been promoted chiefly by the various international conferences, both social and political, from that of Paris in 1867, presided over by É. de Laboulaye, and at which Mr. Garrison was the American representative, down to that of Paris in 1890, when Cardinal Lavigerie was the principal speaker. More important, however, than M. Bonet-Mauray's historical review is his frank exposition of the forms in which slavery now exists in the French colonies. It is everywhere to be found as a domestic institution, though the traffic in slaves is nearly extinct. In the French Congo it still lingers in a most revolting and atrocious form, according to allegations made before the Chamber of Deputies by the Abbé Lemire last December, and not yet denied. The system of contract labor prevailing in Réunion and New Caledonia, it is also asserted, is indistinguishable from slavery. M. Bonet-Maury closes with a sketch of the remedial measures now in force, of which the principal is the "village de liberté" established in all parts of western Africa. These are not merely "cities of refuge" for fugitive slaves, but settlements of freed negroes, who are being taught the "dignity of labor and the sanctity of the family," along with general morality and the Christian religion. Interference with domestic slavery is deprecated by this writer, who would have all efforts directed to elevating through education the condition of the slaves so as to fit them for freedom, while a rigid system of government inspection of contract laborers, similar to that adopted by Great Britain, is strongly urged for the islands. Who shall decide when the slaves are fit for freedom is not indicated.

—A rather singular state of affairs in reference to the conditions prevailing at the German universities regarding admission to the examinations for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy is revealed by the *Zeitschrift für Philosophie und Pädagogik*. In all of the twenty-one universities of the Empire, the gymnasium graduates are permitted to take examinations in all the departments of the philosophical faculty, while there is no agreement, not even in the universities of the same country, with reference to the promotion of the graduates of the Realgymnasia or the Oberrealschulen; the Real or purely scientific non-classical graduates being nowhere allowed to become candidates for degrees. Those who have completed the semi-classical Realgymnasia are admitted to examinations in twelve universities (of these six are in Prussia), in all departments of the philosophical faculty, while eight admit them in modern languages, mathematics, and natural sciences; and one, the University of Erlangen, only in mathematics and natural sciences. The Oberreal-school graduates (in those institutions the scientific studies strongly predominate) are admitted to the philosophical doctorate in all sections only by Greifswald, in five universities only in natural sciences and mathematics; and in ten (among these six are in Prussia) they are not admitted to a degree at all. Two universities have not yet taken final action in the matter. In view of this, the action of the German Realschul Association, representing the interests of the higher non-classical education in Germany, at the recent convention in Berlin is of interest. At this meeting, attended by more than three hundred philologians, a petition, originally drafted by the National German Society of Engineers, and signed by 12,000 names, was adopted, asking that the graduates of all the nine-class secondary schools. *i. e.*, the Gymnasia, the Realgymnasia, and the Oberrealschulen, should alike and without discrimination be admitted to university privileges and degrees, and that in future the lowest three classes in all the schools of this kind should have the same non-Latin courses. This petition has been presented to the Cultus-Minister of Prussia.

—Fortunate is the scholar who can say, as Professor Aulard does in the preface to his 'Histoire Politique de la Révolution Française' (Paris: Armand Colin & Cie.): "I do not think I have omitted a single important source, or made one assertion not directly drawn from the sources." Professor Aulard has long been an indefatigable editor of the documents of the period. His most noteworthy work of this sort—"Le Recueil des Actes du Comité de Salut Public"—is just reaching completion in about a dozen stout octavo volumes. He is also, with the possible exception of M. Sorel, the most authoritative writer on the political phases of the Revolution. This new work, which is appearing in monthly fascicules, may be regarded as a comprehensive statement of the results of his studies for the last twenty years. Its subtitle, "Origines et Développement de la Démocratie et de la République (1789-1804)," indicates more clearly its scope. In the first fascicule Professor Aulard attacks the tradition that there were, in 1789, men who were consciously republicans, although he shows the strong drift towards republican institutions under the guise of a monarchy. He also brings out clearly the scheme of the bourgeoisie, alarmed by the events of the first summer of revolution, to fortify their own power by constructing constitutional defences against the prolétariat as well as against the monarch. Possibly he overemphasizes this aspect of the Constitution because of his prejudice in favor of what he calls "la République démocratique et sociale." Indeed, this predilection leads him to insist that the men of 1789 were inconsistent because from the first article in the Declaration of Rights they did not conclude that it was necessary to abolish the right of inheritance, as an obstacle to equality, handicapping the sons of the poor in their race with the sons of the rich. Such an interpretation of the Declaration is contrary to the principles of that historical science of which Professor Aulard is so distinguished an expounder. But this is a single defect in an otherwise enlightening study of the political beginnings of the Revolution.

MRS. MEYNELL'S RUSKIN.

John Ruskin. By Mrs. Meynell. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1900.

This book is one of a projected series on "Modern English Writers." How far its plan is that laid out for the whole series, or how far it is the method of the particular author, we cannot yet be sure, but it is a disappointing plan. There are many things that the book does not give us, some of which, at least, might have been expected, and all of which would have been welcome. It does not give us even the outline of a biography; it does not give us any systematic exposition of Ruskin's teaching; it does not give us any analysis of his character, either as man or critic; it does not give any broad or general view of anything. Mrs. Meynell's plan is to take up each of Ruskin's books in the order of publication, to summarize its contents, and give a few quotations of striking passages, and to make a running comment thereon. Occasionally there is a bit of criticism, and sometimes it is shrewd enough, but it is, necessarily, piecemeal criticism, and gets to the root of nothing; it amounts only to an infrequent note of disagreement, which saves the book from mere eulogy. It says, "Here, in the writer's opinion, Ruskin was wrong," but it does not show how his nature, his training, his line of thought betrayed him into error—how he was inevitably wrong.

On the whole, Mrs. Meynell is a Ruskinian and inclined to accept Ruskin's wildest opinions with reverence, if not with entire agreement, and this especially in his incursions into science and political economy. His art criticism even she sees to be limited, one-sided, even, at times, contradictory or entirely erroneous. In general, she defends him from the charge of self-contradiction, trying to reconcile his opposite statements, and boldly protesting that she sees no inconsistency; but sometimes she gives it up. She notes his abuse of Constable and his entire oblivion of the Barbizon school, saying:

"The reader has to resign himself to the banishment from Ruskin's thought of all the great French landscape. Once or twice he names French modern work with horror as something deathly; but what he knows, if anything, of the young Corot, for example, or of Millet, one cannot so much as conjecture."

Here the one word "young" seems to be a sort of excuse, and to intimate that this school was so new that Ruskin could not be expected to have observed it. Yet she is writing of the fifth volume of 'Modern Painters,' published in 1860, when Corot was sixty-four years old! Indeed, Corot was twenty-three years older than Ruskin himself, and the great revolution in French landscape painting, which has so profoundly influenced all modern art, began ten years before the first volume of 'Modern Painters' was written. Mrs. Meynell defends Ruskin from what she calls the "slander" that he "would have his disciples to 'select nothing and to neglect nothing,'" pointing out that this is meant for advice to beginners only, and that "he allows a great imaginative

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landscape painter to do what he likes." She does not see that this is one of his contradictions which may be explained rather than reconciled. His *teaching* was purely naturalistic, but his admiration for Turner forced him into making exceptions. It is plain enough that his "great imaginative landscape painter" was Turner, and Turner alone; and his real attitude was that Turner could do as he liked, but that if you did so you would be damned.

Mrs. Meynell's nearest approach to profound criticism is in her suggestion that Ruskin was "no musician," and consequently could not conceive "an art that imitates nothing"; but she does not push the thought home. Whether or not it was from lack of ear that Ruskin so blundered, there is no doubt that to him art was always a statement and "true" or "false"; never an arrangement and beautiful or ugly. This was his fundamental error, and the cause of his struggles and contradictions and entanglements. It was this error that made the final volumes of 'Modern Painters,' which were meant to deal with beauty, only more detailed statements of the same natural facts that had been dwelt on in the first volume. It was this error that led him to justify a Lombard ornament as a representation of the crystals of salt. It was this error that led, finally, to the impossible arguments of 'The Two Paths,' which "a fugitive writer" is rebuked for calling "unutterable bosh," and at which we are bidden not to laugh, though they be nonsense, because it was "an intellectual martyrdom" to have written them.

It would be presumptuous to try, in the tail of a book notice, to write the book that neither Mrs. Meynell nor any one else has written; yet we cannot forbear the attempt to note the heads of it. In the first place, he who would explain Ruskin will have to face the necessity of dealing with a delicate matter in his life; we mean what most of the obituary notices have called his "divorce." Mrs. Meynell is more accurate, and says that his marriage was "legally annulled," while the younger Millais, in a note to his biography of his father, states, without mentioning the name of the husband, that his mother's first marriage was annulled (we quote from memory) "for reasons recognized alike by State and Church." In other words, the marriage was pronounced void after several years because it had never been anything but nominal. This fact has to be mentioned because it throws a flood of light on Ruskin's exaggerated horror of sensuality or of anything even distantly approaching it; and this horror accounts for much of his hatred of the Renaissance, for his love of ascetic and monkish art, for his lack of sympathy with the art of ancient Greece, and for much else. Neither in his faults nor his virtues, his strength nor his weakness, was Ruskin distinctively masculine. He could be lavishly generous, but he could not be calmly just; he could be extreme in enthusiasm, as in denunciation, but he could not be reasonable. He was whimsical, petulant, paradoxical. He had a pretty gift of seemingly logical argument to justify opinions adopted at the behest of emotion. He was positive, dogmatic, subtle, with a conviction that what he liked was right, and that what displeased him was morally wrong, and that the salvation of the world depended upon its recognition of the truth of his preaching. In all these things he was less man than woman, and less woman than priest.

In the second place, we must remember that Ruskin was a Scotchman by extraction and a graduate of Oxford—that is, that he came of the least artistic and most religious race in Europe, and that his training was almost wholly literary. He had a strong love for nature, and very little real sympathy with art, and his culture was almost as anti-plastic as that of our own Concord school. If there was merit in a work of art, it must seem to him that it was merit of thought, or at least merit of true statement. Turner aroused emotion in him, and he therefore set to work to prove that Turner was true to nature. Claude left him cold, and he therefore saw plainly that Claude was untrue. He formulated a theory of art which could, and did, lead only to Pre-Raphaelitism; and when he found that Turner could by no means be fitted into his theory, he "hedged" and made exceptions.

It was the insularity of the Scotch-Englishman that made Ruskin blind to the existence of any art out of England that was not three hundred years old, and one wonders if it were not because Constable was admired in France that Ruskin could see no merit in his sturdily British style. But of course Constable was even harder to fit into the pre-Raphaelite theory than Turner; he was in some sort a rival of Turner's, and he had not begun by rousing Ruskin's emotions. As Millais said, Ruskin's eye was "only fit to judge of portraits of insects." He saw everything in detail, and a synthetic manner of painting could only offend him. If he had ever said anything of Corot, it would likely have been that he was slovenly and smeared. He had also a love for colors and no eye for color, and gray painting reminded him only of corruption. He varied greatly in his feeling at different times, but what ultimately most pleased him was brightness of colors, with little light and shade, accuracy of drawing, minute finish, and religious emotion or literary thought. The painting of painters pleased him only exceptionally, and when it did he generally gave a wrong reason for it.

In these two elements of Ruskin's nature, his irrational emotionalism and his narrowness of culture, lie the explanation of much besides his opinions on painting. His race and training had made of him the bigoted evangelical who could inveigh against England for having "impiously conceded to the Romanist" a place in Parliament, while his emotionalism made him the lover of the "ages of faith" who wanted, as Charles Reade said, "to make John Bull back again into John Calf." He hated smoke and grime, and always had money enough to enable him to travel in his own carriage like a good old English gentleman; so he cried out against the railway which was first making it possible for poorer men to see the things, whether in nature or art, that he most loved. He wrote many books, yet he probably had his doubts about the utility of the invention of printing.

In words he was an artist, and, like most artists, paid little attention to theories when they interfered with practice. He preached that truth, and truth alone, was the aim of art, but he never spoiled a description by too nice a regard for facts. His style in writing is not unlike that of his hero in painting—effective, but something perfervid and overstrained, lacking in restraint and moderation. No one's patches are more purple than his, and at his worst they are confluent and the whole texture is incarnadined. Yet it is for his style that his books will probably long continue to be read, or rather to be read in, after their influence, never really very great, shall be entirely a thing of the past. The intensity of his feeling often made him clear-sighted, and his writings are full of true as well as of eloquent things, but they must be hunted for and sifted out. As for reconciling them with each other or with the general body of his doctrine, he seldom tried it himself, and it is hardly worth while for any one else to do so. Half Socialist, whole absolutist, artist, poet, preacher, he is everything but a critic or a philosopher.

Brown of Lost River. By Mary E. Stickney. D. Appleton & Co.

Eben Holden. By Irving Bacheller. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co.

Pine Knot. By William E. Barton. D. Appleton & Co.

The Jay-Hawkers. By Adela E. Orpen. D. Appleton & Co.

'Brown of Lost River' is so *al fresco* a story of a Wyoming ranch that a move to Denver at the last is almost suffocating. There is a thoroughly delightful atmosphere of prairie and hill; of wild-rose thickets and water-courses; of bronco-breaking and cattle-herding; with darkly contrasting mud-holes and happily antidoted rattlesnakes. The social phases of Wyoming, too, whether in dinner-parties or cowboy dances, are touched into the scene with lively colors. There is a cowboy hero who is just too sweet for anything and just strong enough for everything; there is a complicating unseen lover, a heroine with a small, gloved hand and loose strands of hair, which the light wind plays with, touching the girl's cheek like a caress. One seems to have met such an one before, but he will at least find originality in her not knowing what to do when the rattlesnake bites the hero. The heroine who spends herself in doing the useless thing is on the whole refreshing. It must be owned that the love story needs a considerable amount of coddling and coaxing to last through the book. Nor is the characterization marked by exceptional cleverness. Thin rather than dull, however, the book is sprightly and agreeable; the persons are the accessories; the real flavor and zest of the story lies in the pictures of ranch life, and the writer's ability is best displayed in whisking us along with her to scour the plain.

After a Wyoming story it is suggestive to find in the opening scene of 'Eben Holden' that the "West" to which he is emigrating with a small boy carried on his back in a big basket, is the Adirondack wilderness of two generations ago, to which he is fleeing from a ruined home in Vermont. Like 'Brown of Lost River,' the story is another tincture of America; if the one is geography, the other is agriculture. The forest-camp and the farm were nearly allied in the rugged early days of the "North Country" settlers. Even New York, for an episode, with Horace Greeley in high relief, suggests agriculture and serves to maintain a homestead flavor. Uncle Eben is a rural character whose oddities, kindnesses, and shrewdness no village should be without. He loves

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children, goodness, and horses; he hates meddling, cruelty, and the cheating horse-dealer. "Never knew a mean man t' own a good hoss," he says. The autobiographer, the little boy in the basket, tells the story of his life, which ranges and changes from the farm to the *Tribune* office and to the battlefield of Bull Run. Few latter-day American stories omit a glimpse of either Horace Greeley or Lincoln, and this one introduces both. Indeed, the author declares of Lincoln, "he reminded me in and out of Horace Greeley. . . . They had a like habit of forgetting themselves and of saying neither more nor less than they meant. They both had the strength of an ox and as little vanity." The story is discursive, abounding in maple-sugar and Yankee dialect, in trout, deer, and panther, and all wholesome wood-lore, in rustic poetry and philosophy, in journalistic and military anecdote—a mild, kind book.

In 'Pine Knot,' too, the story serves, but the *raison d'être* of the book may be found in its contribution to the history of the mountain regions of Kentucky during the days of anti-slavery agitation, with their culmination in the civil war. The path whereon the story moves is a comparatively untrodden one. The hero, John Howard Buzbee, a Virginian, is an old visionary and enthusiast, a scholar and philanthropist, alienated from his kindred by his anti-slavery views, full of dreams of the abolition of slavery, but holding strong convictions of the righteousness of compensating the slaveholders. Working with Lundy, he is opposed to Garrison in methods, though still an abolitionist. When the discovery of a supposed silver mine in the Kentucky mountains holds out to him the prospect of vast wealth, his all-absorbing object is to purchase the slaves and save the Union peaceably with honor. To-day, when the public eye is turned upon the Kentucky mountaineer, it is interesting to trace the political pedigree, in the sixties and earlier, of a border town between Kentucky and Tennessee. "Time had been, in a Presidential election of general interest when the Pine Knot mind was a unit, that the presence of the State line added its special glory to an election. Every one in Pine Knot, for instance, had voted for Henry Clay, and, . . . each voter having polled a good and honest vote in his own State, stepped over the line and voted in the other." There were no booths. As lately as in '98 in a neighboring county the voting was done in the old way, the people having torn down the booths "established by the new and cumbersome Australian system." Said a local politician, "When a man gits in thar with his lead pencil, who knows whether he votes the way he says he will?" In 1860 they managed it thus:

"'How be you-alls in Kaintuck votin'?' asked Sim.

"'Dinged if I know. I sorter had a idy of votin' for Douglas.'

"'Did ye? That's too bad. I sorter layed off to vote for Bell 'n' Everett. What's the difference?'

"'Dinged if I know,' replied Dan again. Finally, Sim echoing Dan's avowal that he ain't no rebel nor no black abolitionist, they agree to go over and take somethin' and then split the difference and vote for Lincoln. 'He's a mountain boy and some kin of ourn, I reckon.'"

The private disillusionment of Buzbee and the conversion of the State from neutrality to loyalty are worked out into a story full of interest, if something lacking in compactness. As a piece of local history 'Pine Knot' takes more than creditable place in the fast-swelling library of books about ourselves.

Another, equally of the sixties and equally a document in political history, is the powerful and painful record of 'The Jay-Hawkers,' a name given the Free-Soil raiders who used to swoop out of Kansas into Missouri, and carry off parties of slaves into freedom—raids returned with interest by the Missourian Bushwhackers, burning, plundering, and recapturing—Border Ruffians all. Of the four books under notice this has the most firmly knit story, and is the bloodiest and most hideous in its theme. It carries entire conviction of the writer's familiarity with the horrid scenes she describes, so minute is the tale, the telling so thrilling from its very dispassionateness. Reading such a chronicle, we are properly attuned to our present daily morning news from South and West and Orient.

Paris. By Hilaire Belloc. London: Edward Arnold. 12mo, pp. xii, 476. 7 maps.

From the dissyllabic title of Hilaire Belloc's latest book, but a vague idea of its contents is to be gained. Is it a guide, a mass of statistics, or a book of literary gossip? It is certainly none of these, but, as one who knows its author's training and inclinations might expect, it is a serious historical essay. It deals with the growth and changes of the city from pre-Roman times to the end of the eighteenth century. Its aim is to show the city's varying but united life, to give a picture of that ever-shifting crowd, whose hopes and fears, whose strength and weakness, made Paris what it was from time to time, and the outcome of whose united lives has made it what it is to-day. The author seeks not alone to show the physical activities that have resulted in the thing we know so well, not alone to tell us of the rearing of the Roman palace and amphitheatre, of the mediæval walls, and the cathedral, but to make us realize the great enthusiasms and vagaries of the people—enthusiasms that resulted in Notre Dame and in the University; vagaries that led to the depths of the great Terror. Hence we have a history not of the people, nor of their rulers, nor of their monuments, nor of their intellectual life, but rather of all these things combined, so that one lays it down with a sense of the continuity of the city's life, with a feeling curiously different from that with which one stands on a high place and views a great stretch of country; with a feeling, rather, of having looked upon a little spot, down in a valley and watched its growth, its shrinkage, and its regrowth for a space of full two thousand years.

Though it runs to almost five hundred pages, Essay is, perhaps, the best word to describe this volume. Formal history it certainly is not, and the author is the first to disclaim any intention of making it such, for he says at the outset that the things he has put down are such gleanings as a man gets from old prints and chance phrases of memoirs, with an outcome as superficial and as personal as a traveller's drawing or as a man's diary, yet serving to give just the necessary framework upon which the memory and imagination may build. Somewhat too modest an estimate is this, for though the facts may come from scattered sources, they are so arranged and connected as to leave a lasting impression on the mind, especially as to the peculiar character of each of the epochs into which the author divides the long space of time he has to cover. We feel the Roman influence powerful for good, civilizing, organizing, developing the little Gaulish village into a provincial capital, giving it laws, and bringing order and prosperity out of chaos and want. Some clear idea of what this Gallo-Roman Lutetia was, with its towered wall encircling the Island, with its temples, its palaces, and its amphitheatre, we may gain, but we are soon swept on to the time of that mysterious Geneviève about whom we know so little with certainty, but who, from her twentieth to her eightieth year, was such a potent factor in the city's life, and after whose death the people dwelt for five centuries in the shadow of the dark ages. From all those years of confusion we gain another clear impression, namely, of the way Paris crumbled bit by bit, and of the way the light, the artifice, the well-ordered monotony of the Empire were lost, and how there grew up legend, miracle, and the ordeal of fire.

Then a sudden change. The doubt and despair at the coming of the year 1000 disappear. Not Paris alone, but the whole of Europe awakes. Great kingships, consolidating scattered States, appear. The Roman law is revived, universities and a vernacular literature mark the coming of the early Middle Ages, but, most of all, the Gothic architecture stands as the memorial of the splendid energy and enthusiasm that pervaded all society. For Paris it was the time of the walling of the city, of the founding of the Louvre, of the building of Notre Dame. With those later Middle Ages, the two centuries reaching from St. Louis to Charles VIII., come thoughts of war, pestilence, and famine. Paris suffered and changed in a way that was typical of the time. As society grew in luxury and misery, Paris expressed the change by huddling its people together more closely than ever before, and by building that splendid Palace of St. Paul of which scarcely a vestige is now left. It was a time of despair for the common folk, a time when the King's orchard yielded its unfailing crop, and when the Danse Macabre was no mere piece of empty irony.

How profoundly the state of society was influenced by that clear light coming over the Alps from Italy, by the new ideas brought back by the troops of Charles VIII., we all know, but we fail to recognize that the changes wrought upon the city by the Renaissance, including as they did the Louvre, the Hôtel de Ville, and the Tuileries, failed to transform it as a whole. The effect of the new movement was but partial and accidental. The aspect of Paris at the close of the sixteenth century was still mediæval, and it was left to the seventeenth to rebuild the city and to blot out the traces of the Middle Ages, as it was left to the nineteenth to again rebuild the city and to blot out the traces of the seventeenth.

In what has been said we have, perhaps, failed to bring out the fact that a vast amount of detail goes to make up this general impression; that the book not only characterizes vividly the several periods of the city's life, but brings before us all the great men who passed across its stage from Cæsar to Robespierre, all the great movements that caused its transformations, all the great

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buildings that once were in it or that still remain.

Some Reminiscences of a Long Life. With a few Articles on Moral and Social Subjects of Present Interest. By John Hooker. Hartford: Belknap & Warfield. 1899.

Mr. Hooker's reminiscences make their principal appeal to his personal friends, and especially to his surviving associates of the Connecticut bar, of whose departed elders he writes with generous and affectionate appreciation. Mr. Hooker was born in Farmington, Connecticut, in 1816. He is a direct descendant of Thomas Hooker, the first minister of Hartford, with five intervening generations. But his maternal grandfather, Daggett, who lived till 1830, was born in 1740, and might easily have known old people who knew the first settlers. Hon. William M. Evarts and Senator Hoar are Mr. Hooker's second cousins. His marriage brought him into another interesting circle, his wife being Isabella, the youngest daughter of Dr. Lyman Beecher.

For the general reader no part of Mr. Hooker's book is more interesting than his introduction, which is supplemented, further on, by an account of his early life in Farmington, and the events and habits of those years. We have a beautiful picture of the half-century and longer ministry of Dr. Porter (father of President Noah Porter), who was born and died in Farmington, and was never settled anywhere else. It was his custom to preach one doctrinal sermon every Sunday—one of three, the evening one less formal than the others. Knowing every one from his birth up, no funeral baffled him; given the saddest reprobate, he could revert to his days of innocency. He never could have been guilty of crediting a text from *Romans* to the *Psalms*, as Mr. Hooker causes him to do on page 15. At one time an attempt was made to persuade Mr. Hooker to give up the law and settle as a minister in Farmington. He flatters himself that he might have had as long a ministry as Dr. Porter, but he would certainly have been tried for heresy if he had improved his Calvinism at the rate indicated by his theological confessions in one of the later sections of the book. Writing of everlasting punishment he says, "This dogma I reject with all the force that I can put into the rejection." Concerning the atonement he is not more orthodox, while his Christology is uncertain, and his view of the Scriptures that of the modern critic.

He is a "judicious Hooker" in his choice of stories drawn from his own experience and other sources. That is a good one of the boy's translation of Sallust, where it was written that one of Catiline's conspirators was *sui generis*—"a kind of hog." Lovers of animal stories will delight in that of the ox which by his own wit made his way back from New York State to Farmington, swimming the Hudson on the way and arriving on Thanksgiving Day. All of his companions had been killed in an Indian ambush. When a young man, Mr. Hooker invited a very respectable colored man to sit in his pew one Sunday morning; whereupon one of the church members said he had done more to break up the church than anything else in its whole history. There are several good fugitive-slave stories, one of them about a colored preacher in Hartford of whom, in the course of events, Mr. Hooker became the legal owner for a few days. It was a novel sensation to own a Doctor of Divinity—Mr. Pennington got his degree in Germany, whither he had gone for safety—and, when Mr. Hooker gave him his liberty, he kept the degree, he tells us, for his own glory.

Hooker was Evarts's classmate. Much given to pleasantry, he must have been an agreeable companion to his legal associates and friends. He writes of the former with much good humor. His dial seems to have marked only the sunny hours. One of his few regrets is that he did not get a judgeship in the Supreme Court of Connecticut in 1864, which would have meant a chief justiceship in a few years. But the manner of his losing the office was as creditable as his discharge of it could have been.

Of the papers on various subjects included with the Reminiscences, the most interesting are those on Anarchy, Woman Suffrage, and Spiritualism. There is a valuable appendix—Mr. Julius Gay's "Social Life in Farmington Early in the Century"; and Mr. Hooker's "Early Abolition Movement" adds some particulars of interest in that connection.

Discussions in Economics and Statistics. By Francis A. Walker. 2 volumes. Henry Holt & Co. 1899.

The publication of these papers will add nothing to Gen. Walker's reputation as an economist. He made some contributions to the science of political economy which were certainly suggestive, and, in the estimation of many, of permanent value. Such were his contention that wages are paid out of product, and his application of the principle of rent in determining the recompense of the captains of industry. These views, however, occupy a very subordinate place in the discussions that are here reprinted. Nevertheless, we think that Professor Dewey has done well to collect and arrange this material. It constitutes in a way a chapter in the economic history of the country, to say nothing of its instructiveness as exhibiting the development of the author's views.

Gen. Walker possessed a very alert and active mind, and he was, during all his life, in incessant contact with men and with affairs. He felt strongly, and spoke and wrote vigorously. He seems never to have hesitated to express his opinions with great positiveness; frequently, with great audacity. While these opinions were in many cases so ill-considered as to be of little value, and were indeed occasionally contradictory and even fallacious, they were yet advanced with so much vigor (and it is fair to say, with so much authority) as to give them influence. Yet the danger of trusting to personal authority in matters of science has seldom been more clearly illustrated than in his case. The most remarkable illustration of the unfortunate consequences of such surrender of private judgment took place in the agitation for bimetallism. Gen. Walker's views are too well known to be recapitulated, but it may be forgotten that he practically demoralized financial opinion in Boston, and not improbably influenced the action of leading Congressmen from New England. Events have so completely falsified his predictions as almost to make his untimely death seem merciful. It would have been hard for him to keep silent about the present situation of bimetallism, and harder still to say anything about it that would not amount to an abdication of prophetic functions.

The agitation for bimetallism may be regarded as too controversial a subject to be properly introduced here. We may illustrate our point by other instances. Let us take the case of the labor-unions. Political economists of the straiter sect have always looked on these unions with mingled feelings, because their avowed purpose was to attain advantages for certain classes of laborers by means which might prejudice the interests of other and more helpless classes. It can scarcely be contended that events have not justified this apprehension. But Gen. Walker was positive that the trade-unions would not yield to Socialistic tendencies. Trade-unions, he said, were all over Europe hostile to Socialist agitation. "I think," he observed, "we may count with certainty upon this attitude of the trades unions toward Socialism being maintained." He pointed out at the same time (1887) that Socialism was declining in France, and explained why it must continue to do so. Were any one to make such assertions as these at the present day, he would be regarded as, to say the least, a very ill-informed person. He would be told that he was evidently entirely unacquainted with current events in France, and reminded that the English trade-unions had declared in favor of "nationalizing" land, capital, and the means of exchange, and that they objected to the plan for universal old-age pensions only because it was limited to those who were too old, and because its provisions against fraud were too stringent.

We shall refer, not without melancholy, to one more illustration of the superficiality of view and the rashness of judgment that impaired the work of this vigorous and talented man. In his oration at Brown University, in 1889, he maintained the thesis that "quantity has with us determined quality"; that our marvellous growth in numbers, in territorial extent, and in industrial power, has caused us to develop to a remarkable degree "the spirit of civility, reciprocity, and fair play in the relations of this with other nations, as compared with the earlier days of the republic." During the first half of this century we behaved ill toward nations of high rank, "while our course toward our weaker neighbors was not altogether exempt from the blame of wanton aggression." After referring to our dealings with Spain—"always, in spite of much provocation, a good friend of the United States"—and our abundant "tall talk" about "manifest destiny," he continued:

"How great the difference to-day! Let one ask himself when and where he last heard any of that vapid, confident talk about 'manifest destiny,' once so common in the press and in the halls of Congress; let one ask himself what, in the America of our time, corresponds to the filibustering, the bluster, the threats against weaker peoples of thirty or forty years ago, and he will obtain a perhaps unexpected view of the mighty change that has passed over our temper as a nation. In the last few years I have read the columns of a hundred newspapers without meeting a paragraph that breathed the old-time spirit; I have travelled many thousands of miles without hearing from the lips of any private citizen a word which testified to a disposition to wrong even the weakest of our neighbors. A bit of buncombe now and then in Con-

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gress, an occasional act of Jingoism on the part of an Administration, may show that the professional politicians of the old school are not all dead yet; but with these things the nation at large has not the slightest sympathy. To-day, however deficient we may be in the niceties of diplomatic intercourse, we are known to all the world as a people who desire only justice and peace. Under the shadow of our practically irresistible power, small states are resting without alarm, and without apprehension of wrong."

South Africa Past and Present. By Violet R. Markham. London: Smith, Elder & Co.; New York: Scribners. 1900.

A History of South Africa. By W. Basil Worsford. London: Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. 1900.

Books on South Africa still appear, despite waning public interest. The first of the brace named above is a handsome, well-illustrated volume, divided into three parts: A Sketch of South African History (1652-1900)—Native Affairs—and Notes from a Travelling Diary. The historical essay is written with evident conscientiousness, but the continual pointing a present moral by a past happening is too constantly in the author's mind to permit of real historical treatment. This is the same old story, told with a little more vivacity and a little more conviction than usual—nothing more. The essays on the less controverted native question are more dispassionate, as Miss Markham's own observations here, instead of impeding, assist her. Others have gone into the matter more at length, but her readable chapters on this point are worth while. The Kaffir keeps cropping up again throughout her personal reminiscences and notes of travel, which are the most valuable part of the book, after all; being the lively and positive impressions of a good-natured and sensible observer. She speaks well of her various hosts—a good thing in a traveller. Some forget to do so, but where she has eaten salt she does not stint praise. She would even have us believe that Mr. Cecil Rhodes is a simple, genial person, fond of flowers and of seeing the public enjoying his gardens.

Mr. Worsford's little book may be slipped into the pocket, yet in its compact contents is the best brief statement of the British side of the present case we have seen. This author does not find that the franchise, or the Kaffir question, the academic discussion over "suzerainty," or all three of them, caused the war. He demonstrates very plausibly a natural ethnological evolution of two races, with collision at the end as inevitable as when two trains converge from parallel tracks on to a single line. The only difference lies in the hope of ultimate reconciliation and fusion that survives a collision of races. The process is a slow one, but history shows that no feud is eternal, and that no conquered race ever failed to modify or be itself modified by the conqueror, once the conquest was permanent. Miss Markham expresses this hope, too. There will come, she says, "a day, however far distant," when there will be "men and women to whom the words Dutch and English will be no longer the rallying-cries of hostile camps, for they are the children of two races fused at last into one people. Descended alike from victors and from vanquished, conquest for them has lost its sense of triumph, defeat, its bitterness." Both these books, particularly Mr. Worsford's, have the merit of not being mere echoes of Fitzpatrick. Mr. Worsford appears to have been at pains to secure original historical matter, and to have done so with success—no small achievement in so well gleaned a field.

Political Growth in the Nineteenth Century. By Edmund Hamilton Sears, A.M. Macmillan. 1900. Pp. vii+614.

Mr. Sears has produced a useful book, although its usefulness might have been much increased if he had adopted throughout the method of the historical manual, instead of digressing occasionally into that of the literary résumé. Such a work is much needed; for since the translation of Müller's 'Political History of Recent Times' was issued, about 1881, nothing has appeared bringing the chronicle down to date. Seignobos's exhaustive treatise deals with Europe only, and is, moreover, critical rather than narrative in treatment. Mr. Sears falls far short of Müller in compactness, but he practically holds the field alone for the events of the past twenty years.

Some sections of his history are very good—his account, for instance, of United States politics since the civil war, and parts of his French and English history. At other points he is vague. Thus, no reader could get from these pages a vivid idea of parliamentary degeneration in Italy since 1870, of the petering out of the old Liberals, of Depretis and *trasformismo*, of Crispi's purely personal government, of the chaos of political cliques, and of the recent unholy alliance between the Vatican and the Anarchists and Socialists. Yet, to understand contemporary politics in Italy, one must know these determining facts, and one has a right to find them intelligently stated in even an epitome.

A critic does not demand, of course, that an author shall agree with him in opinions; but there are certain facts and personages about whom most historical students are agreed. One is surprised, therefore, that Mr. Sears should continue to paint the atrocious tyranny of J. R. Barrios in Gautemala in the rosy colors which the agents of Barrios himself laid on thick, at the time when he was bent on luring foreign capital into that country. In general, Mr. Sears's account of the Latin peoples seems to be based only on works in English or French, to the serious curtailment of his sources of information. Nevertheless, the titles cited in his bibliography of twenty-three pages comprise much excellent material within these limits, and will help all but specialists, whom he does not cater for.

We may point out a few of the errors we have detected, so that, by their correction, any later edition of the book may be improved. The date of the crowning of William I. at Versailles is given December, 1870, on p. 46, and January 18, 1871, on p. 207. It was Frederick William II., not IV., who joined the coalition against France (p. 198). The Holy Roman Empire was abolished in 1806, as stated on p. 138, not in 1804, as stated on p. 198, where also the head of that empire is styled "Emperor of Germany," a title which he never bore. Rudolph of Hapsburg acquired Austria in 1276, not 1278 (p. 138). Mr. W. L. Wilson was a Representative from West Virginia, not from Virginia, when he drew up his famous Tariff Bill (p. 458). The French garrison was not withdrawn from Rome, "partly in compliance with a request of Queen Victoria" (p. 88), but in desperation, when Napoleon III. clutched at anything to save him from the Prussian deluge.

On the whole, there are commendably few errors, and the general impression left by Mr. Sears is that he wishes to tell his story without prejudice. The statistical paragraphs which he has added to many of the chapters help to bring before the reader the *present situation in the chief countries*. At a time when the world seems about to plunge into war for the sake of trade, such statistics are particularly useful.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Barcus, J. S. Patriot or Pessimist? Uncle Sam's Study of Expansion. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co.

Cowley, A. Essays. Cassells. 10c.

Der Musikverein von Milwaukee 1850-1900: Eine Chronik. Milwaukee: Musikverein.

Dessar, L. C. A Royal Enchantress: The Romance of the Last Queen of the Berbers. New York: Continental Publishing Co. $1.50.

Elizabeth and her German Garden. New and enlarged ed. Macmillan. $1.75.

Fairbanks, A. Study of the Greek Pæan. Macmillan Co.

Gloth, Catharine M., and Kellogg, Maria F. Index in Xenophontis Memorabilia. Macmillan Co.

Hannah, I. C. A Brief History of Eastern Asia. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

Knackfuss, H. Dürer. Translated by C. Dodgson. [Monographs on Artists Series.] New York: Lemcke & Buechner.

Loring, A. E. A Hand-Book of the Electro-Magnetic Telegraph. Fourth ed. New York: D. Van Nostrand Co. 50c.

McKee, T. H. The National Conventions and Platforms of all Political Parties 1789-1900; Convention, Popular, and Electoral Vote. Third Edition. Baltimore: The Friedenwald Co. $1.

Orpen, Adela E. The Jay-Hawkers: A Story of Free-Soil and Border-Ruffian Days. Appletons. $1.

Pyle, Dr. W. L. A Manual of Personal Hygiene. Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders & Co. $1.50.

Ruskin, J. Sesame and Lilies. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 15c.

Some Short Stories. New York: Impressionist Publishing Co. 25c.

Taylor, A. N. The Law in its Relations to Physicians. Appletons. $2.

Thomas, Annie. Comrades True. London: Chatto & Windus; New York: F. M. Buckles & Co. $1.25.

Thwaites, R. G. The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents. Cleveland: The Burrows Bros. Co. Vols. lxvii. and lxviii.

Wilcox, W. D. The Rockies of Canada (Revised and Enlarged Edition of "Camping in the Canadian Rockies"). Putnams.

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